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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Roberts' telegrams allow us to see more of the position in the neighbourhood of Paardeberg than he himself explains. Evidently he has supplies which will enable him without incurring losses inevitable from a direct attack to remain until he succeeds either in shelling or starving out the enemy. In the meantime he uses his forces for preventing the arrival of reinforcements. On 17 February Lord Roberts telegraphed that General Kelly-Kenny on the previous day Friday 16 February had made large captures of stores and ammunition "all belonging to Cronje's laager which was still being shelled by our artillery when Lord Kitchener despatched the messenger." No further news was received from Lord Roberts up to Tuesday afternoon when a telegram was posted at the War Office dated from Paardeberg a place thirty miles east of Jacobsdal camp, and halfway between the frontier and Bloemfontein. The enemy was overtaken at Koodoosrand and surrounded. Between the 16th and 18th there was heavy and continuous fighting. On the 20th Boer reinforcements from Natal were defeated and Cronje's position was regarded as hopeless.

Since the relief of Kimberley on 15 February events have followed in quick succession elsewhere as consequences of Lord Roberts' invasion of the Free State. On Tuesday 20 February Lord Lansdowne read a telegram from General Buller to the effect that the Boers had virtually evacuated Colenso, and that the town had been occupied after a slight engagement. On the Southern frontier General Clements, owing to the weakening of the British troops at Colesberg, on 14 February was forced to retire on Arundel, Rensburg being occupied by the Boers on 15 February. On the 17th a reconnaissance disclosed that the great bulk of the enemy were withdrawn from the neighbourhood of Colesberg as is supposed to meet the advance from the West. At and about Dordrecht on 16, 17, and 18 February General Brabant's Colonial forces ascertained that the entire force of the Boers was evidently in retreat from their positions south of Dordrecht. By the last-mentioned date the Boers had been driven back from all these positions to the north of Dordrecht, the last position having been taken at the point of the bayonet; and the town itself was then occupied by the British troops.

Hardly inferior in interest to Lord Roberts' operations in the Free State is the account of General Buller's success on the Tugela resulting in the occupation of Colenso. Fighting was in progress for several days from 14 February on the high range of hills about ten miles to the north-east of Chieveley Camp with the object of turning the flank of the Boer position on Hlangwane Hill east of Colenso. For four days—with a rest on the 15th—severe fighting went on for the possession of certain thickly wooded hills called Hussar Hill, Cingolo, and Monte Cristo all connected strategically with Hlangwane. On 14 February Hussar Hill was taken, the next day operations ceased owing to the excessive heat; on the 17th Cingolo was captured and on the 18th (Sunday) three separate infantry attacks were made on different faces of Monte Cristo. General Buller in a telegram of 19 February reports "Assaulted by a heavy artillery fire on their front and flank, and attacked on their flank and rear, the enemy made but slight resistance and abandoning their strong position were driven across the Tugela." Several camps and a wagon load of ammunition and several loads of stores and supplies with a few prisoners were taken. Then followed as above-mentioned the occupation of Colenso.

With the mobilisation and transport of the forces in South Africa little fault can be found, but one point as regards organisation is at least open to question. It is the number of our Generals. In most of the Continental armies the strength of a brigade is six battalions. In ours it is four. A division therefore with the former consists of twelve battalions as against eight with us. Similarly the Continental army corps consists of two divisions or twenty-four battalions as against three divisions of an equal number of battalions in ours. Our system of corps troops too is unnecessarily clumsy, and in the German army they have practically been abolished. They are indeed nobody's children, and matters would be much simplified if they were attached to the different divisions. At any rate in South Africa all such arrangements have long since been cast to the winds. We are as extravagant too in our system of buying extra horses for the war as we are in Generals. A Government or rather military official is given a certain district in which to buy horses. Notice is given of his approach. The dealers are on the alert. They ransack the farms in the neighbourhood for cheap bargains, which after a few days' working up are produced to the official and often sold for double the original price.

"Major-General T. Fraser inspected the South Hill Barracks, Chatham, and expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with all he had seen." From this we infer that he had not seen either the lavatory or sanitary arrangements of the barracks in question. Had he seen them, we are perfectly certain that he would not have pronounced them satisfactory. No Englishman could think that arrangements incompatible with decency and elementary cleanliness are fit for English soldiers or, we presume, Imperial Yeomanry.

Lord Rosebery has written to the "Times" to supply an omission in his speech in the House of Lords on the military proposals. In contrast to the hostility of so much Continental criticism he wished to emphasise "the singular instance of open friendliness displayed to us by one of the great Powers of Europe during the present war—the declaration made on behalf of the Italian Government by the statesman who bears the honoured name of Visconti Venosta." The tone of the Continental press has certainly not changed for the better since the fortune of war has turned. Rejoicing over our reverses has merely given place to bitter disappointment and surly minimising of our successes. German and French papers alike prophesied of the ultimate failure of Lord Roberts' strategy. If it were not for the cloudy judgment which political hatred produces we should have small respect for the professional capacity that has produced so much criticism now completely falsified by actual events. The mere statement given above as to the break up of the Boers south of the Orange River is sufficient to expose the absurdity of the opinion that the Boers would be in a far better and safer position with the eastern and richest portions of the Orange Free State behind them as a source of supplies than the British who are advancing into the enemy's country, and who are liable at any moment to have their communications cut by the enterprise of some active Boer commando. What a painful disillusion!

No one is so easily defeated as a Cabinet Minister by superior mobility on the part of the enemy. By the chivalrous custom of Parliament notice of an attack is usually given a day or two before; whereupon the Minister, assisted by the permanent officials, throws up his trenches, places his guns, and distributes his troops. At the eleventh hour, by the deletion or insertion of a few words, the attack is changed and the Minister non-plussed. This is what Lord Wemyss, who is distinctly a mobile force in politics, did to Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Devonshire on Tuesday. Lord Wemyss had originally given notice of a motion to the effect that "the ancient constitutional law of compulsory military service for home defence . . . be put in force," and Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Devonshire had prepared speeches to resist the adoption of the ballot.

But Lord Wemyss, having discovered that his motion was a little too strong, altered it at the last minute so that it ran thus: "that the ancient constitutional law, &c. be at once so amended that it may be available to be put in force," which might mean anything or nothing. The alteration did not of course affect Lord Wemyss' own speech, which was conceived on those broad and sweeping lines that despise the trammels of a mere resolution. But it played havoc with the official statements of the Secretary of State for War and the President of the Committee of National Defence, who complained, naturally enough, of "the grave inconvenience of the course adopted by the noble Earl." Must we say of Lord Rosebery, what Bagehot said of Beaconsfield, that "his chaff is exquisite, but his wheat is very poor stuff"? Lord Rosebery was much happier in chaffing Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Devonshire on their discomfiture than he was the other day in his "lugubrious vaticinations." Even Lord Salisbury was moved to laughter when Lord Rosebery proposed an adjournment to give his noble friends time to prepare other speeches. Lord Salisbury wound up the debate by a few words of practical sagacity, a quality in which he has no superior. The voluntary system, he said, has served us very well: do not let us adopt conscription, to which the compulsory ballot is only a stepping-stone, until its necessity has been clearly demonstrated.

The Duke of Devonshire laid it down that our military system is founded on voluntary service. That is not the case. The modern device of a standing army and voluntary militia has not abrogated the common law liability of military service whenever the Crown declares its necessity. The militia system is the direct descendant of the feudal levies adapted to changed conditions. Regular armies like voluntary militias are not substitutes for the home militia but complements necessitated mostly by the needs for foreign service. The claim of the Crown has never been given up, as the existence in the Statute Book of the power of balloting shows; it was exercised from 1830 to 1832. As the machinery has not been altered since George III. it has become antiquated, and the Government Bill for amending it last year was intended to bring it up to date. It is always arguable at a particular moment, as Ministers are doing at present, that the circumstances are not such as to call for its use; but when they go further and argue as though it were a power given up by the Crown and hateful to the people, they are taking false points.

With the merits of Mr. D. A. Thomas' motion in the Commons on Tuesday for a "full inquiry" into the Jameson Raid of 1895 we deal elsewhere. The mover of the resolution and his seconder Mr. S. T. Evans put their demand on the ground that strong suspicions are entertained as to the knowledge of the Colonial Secretary and the Colonial Office in regard to the conspiracy, that the inquiry of 1897 was "very little better than a farce" and that the publication of certain documents by the "Indépendance Belge" disclosed fresh facts strengthening the demand for a new inquiry. Sir William Harcourt supported the motion on the ground that the attempts to associate the Colonial Office with the Raid were made by its organisers, and he wished this to be made plain. Mr. Lowther supported it because the first inquiry reflected discredit on Parliament. Mr. Chamberlain stated that his exoneration of Mr. Rhodes referred to charges of having been influenced by pecuniary motives in taking part in the conspiracy. There were no new facts: those brought forward by the "Indépendance Belge" being known to the Committee. Mr. Balfour protested against reopening the inquiry. It would reduce Parliamentary procedure to a farce and would have no effect upon calumnies at home nor influence hostile criticism abroad. The motion was refused by 286 votes against 152.

The Improvements Committee of the London County Council in order to ensure harmony of design in the architectural features of the buildings to be erected in the new street from Holborn to the Strand recommend that eight architects should be invited to submit designs for the elevations only. The consideration of the matter is adjourned, and in the meantime the proposed instructions to the architects should be carefully examined. The crescent-shaped island, which will be formed by the bifurcation of the new street as it approaches the Strand and which will contain about four acres, is to be divided into three plots. The central plot will comprise over two acres and will be separated from the others by two 50-foot roads, to be open for carriage traffic from the Strand only; though entrance will be afforded for foot passengers by steps from the higher level of the crescent road. The western plot will be used for reinstatements required by the Act authorising the improvement. What is to be the fate of the central plot is uncertain.

The instructions state that "it may be desirable to treat the centre block as devoted to one building." This seems to point to the possibility of the block being reserved as a site for County Council offices, though there is a further statement that the buildings "may be intended for commercial purposes." As we have previously pointed out a fine county hall upon the site in question would lend character and importance to the new thoroughfare. There would be an appropriateness, which would appeal to the public, in placing the county buildings at the entrance to what has been described as the "Council Broadway." What is to be the name of the new thoroughfare? There is a proposal to place

the Gladstone Memorial statue upon the north side of the island block, and possibly this gives a clue to the name which may be suggested. A happy suggestion it certainly would not be, inasmuch as the political relations between Mr. Gladstone and London were those of mutual distrust and dislike.

The statutes of the new London University have just been laid on the table of the House. Provision has been made for two new faculties, one of engineering and the other of political science, the latter to include commerce and industry. The headquarters of the political science faculty will be the London School of Economics which with its professors and lecturers is henceforth, and very rightly, to be recognised as being of university standing. The commissioners have not accepted any of the unwieldy titles proposed for successful candidates in this group. They will simply be known as Doctors or Bachelors of Science according as they take the higher or lower degree.

The Bar has received with satisfaction and amusement the important announcement that its general Council has appointed a Committee to report on the accommodation provided for members of the legal profession and the methods of business prevailing in the London and Suburban County Courts. There is hardly a court house within the area included which provides a proper robing room, a dirty dingy closet serving the purpose in a corner of the edifice usually alike inconvenient and inaccessible. As to "the method of disposing of business," there is no practice which deserves the name of method. The hearing of certain cases appears to be unduly precipitated, on the other hand adjournments are constantly granted for the most flimsy reasons. This facility in obtaining adjournments constitutes a real abuse, and nothing will re-establish order and expedition in the disposal of the cause lists until a strict rule is adopted and enforced that the hearing of cases will only be postponed for substantial reasons.

The case of Eady v. Elsdon should supply a useful hint to parents who have children of more than ordinary precocity taking the direction of committing criminal offences such as arson. The young Elsdon at six looked like thirteen, and at thirteen talked as if he were twenty. Like the poet he was of imagination all compact: had written a published story while still in his early teens. His wit was unfortunately to madness near allied. At one of his schools he had set fire to the place. After indulging his general tendency to destroy things, he has explained that he forgot all that had happened and was ready without qualms of memory or conscience to enter on a new series of exploits. A doctor described him as a victim of "moral S. Vitus." At the plaintiff Eady's he proceeded to set fire to the school and the action was to recover damages from his mother. Plainly arson does not come within the definition of ordinary wear and tear of schoolboy life; and if much-suffering parents would avoid unlimited additions to their bills in such cases as this, they must take care to make a special contract throwing all the responsibility for loss on the schoolmaster—of course for a consideration.

The most innocent and successful of mediæval revivals in our time has been the Welsh service on S. David's Eve at S. Paul's, which will this year be observed on the 27th evening. It was a real Unionist policy that caused our mediæval Archbishops to make S. David's Day an English as well as a Welsh holiday, and had the spirit of this sort of thing been maintained we had heard less of Keltic susceptibilities generally. 'Tis satisfactory that S. David is to be honoured this year at his own cathedral and Llandaff: but why not also at Bangor and S. Asaph? By the way certain London Welshmen propose perpetrating a joke on the Saint's day by introducing Sir William Harcourt at a dinner as a support to Mr. Lloyd George. Is the idea that Mr. George should illustrate his hatred of Erastianism and Philistinism by an exhibition of its chief apostle? or is there a hope that Sir William will enliven the festive board by a little Thirlwallian Welsh? Not so long ago Sir William held up that otherwise

great scholar and distinguished divine to admiration, as an alien Bishop who learnt Welsh. Welsh people have some strange jokes over that Welsh, and if Sir William will only talk it, he may make a sensation.

The Church Association has protested to the Archbishop against the insertion of a short prayer for the dead in the intercession forms issued by the Privy Council. The briefest of replies informs the Association that "prayers for the dead" have been ruled to be legal in the Church of England. There is no possible hardship to the Protestant conscience, for the prayer in question exists in one only of several authorised forms: and there is no reason why anyone should choose that particular form for use. As to the main question, it is hard to see why devout Christians should be so curiously anxious to limit the efficacy of prayer. Reason suggests and charity demands that a half-obsolete prejudice should not be suffered to preclude English Churchmen for ever from a devotion, against which absolutely nothing can be said on the score of principle or history, which is infinitely consoling, and commends itself equally to natural affection and religious piety. The Archbishop has chosen a suitable moment for vindicating Anglican liberty in this matter.

The Bishop of London's charge would be open to criticism from more sides than one, were it not avowedly an *ad hoc* pronouncement. Dr. Creighton is always interesting, always intellectual, but he is not always convincing. His citations of history with the rest of his intellectual apparatus bore too much the appearance of selections to meet the present distress. From so great an historical scholar we have a right to look for greater breadth of treatment. A bishop charging those to whom he is a "father in God" should not take up the position of a secular judge, who will never commit himself to more than is necessitated by the decision of the exact point before him. The Bishop was right, for instance, to point out the mistake of raising the custom of fasting communion to the position of a rigid and necessary rule of discipline; but it would also have been to the point to show that his argument from history and changed habits of life did not tell in favour of that modern laxity, evening celebration.

But much that would not be excused in ordinary men may be forgiven Dr. Creighton for his wealth of ideas and ideals. We are truly thankful to him for the noble sentiment of a sentence, which in view of the past we must regret was not addressed to an audience of ecclesiastics in S. Paul's Cathedral. "The building of a church might be a small thing in itself" said the Bishop at South Tottenham "but it was something. It was useful to thousands of people who never set foot within its walls. It preached them a sermon every time they passed it, for it reminded them, in the midst of all their activity and thoughtlessness of higher things, that the world was God's world after all." In the spirit of these great words, we would ask his Lordship whether any church buildings are likely to preach better sermons than those of Wren, and where to more purpose than in the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange? Who sold the Wren church the other day? sold it for a song for "old materials"?

Mr. H. D. Traill, who died suddenly on Wednesday, was one of the few busy journalists who find time to be men of letters. A well-known critic said of him "He is the best of us." He had strong opinions, and a few prejudices, but he never allowed them to interfere with his judgment of a book. If he had a fault as a writer for the press it was that he kept his seriousness and his humorousness in two water-tight compartments. His solid articles were, sometimes, almost forbidding, while his lighter productions, whether in verse or prose, were simply gay. It was only when he wrote to please himself—as in "The New Lucian"—that he gave equal play to both elements of his nature, and showed himself as his many friends knew him in private life or at the Athenæum and Garrick. There was sadness in his irony, and a note of tenderness in his satire. Of his journalistic work we may say that much of the best of it appeared in the columns of the SATURDAY REVIEW. Though he seldom refused a commission he never scamped what

he had undertaken, and, whether he was writing of Sir John Franklin or Lord Cromer, he gave the best that was in him. Yet it is to be regretted that a man so versatile and, in some ways, profound should have devoted to the labour of earning a large income powers which might have won him a permanent place in English literature—powers which were only realised by the few intimates with whom he threw off his constitutional shyness and displayed his rare conversational gifts.

The Home Secretary has made an Order under the Wild Birds' Protection Acts (1880-1896) for the further preservation of various birds and their eggs within the county of London. Certainly the Order is stringent in regard to the sweetest English singing birds. It protects the nightingale the blackcap and the garden warbler—our three choicest performers—throughout the year; which is spreading the net wide enough, seeing that these species are never seen in England in winter or even in the late autumn. But for some reason or other neither the list of the birds protected throughout the year nor the list of birds' eggs protected throughout the county contains the name of the grasshopper warbler, the winsome bird that loves the matted riverside vegetation, and on a quiet summer evening will keep up that fascinating reeling note of his with wondrous power. No one, it is true, has ever suggested that this species should be included.

And yet the omission of the grasshopper warbler is odd, seeing that the following species have been included solemnly in both the bird and the egg lists: bearded titmouse, buzzard, honey-buzzard and hobby. On the whole a Middlesex grasshopper warbler is a good deal more likely to be found in the nesting season than a Middlesex honey-buzzard or bearded titmouse. There are two species of interesting birds, which have been found nesting within a dozen miles of Charing Cross, but have not been placed in either of the lists referred to. The lesser redpole, we happen to know, was found nesting in Middlesex in 1898 and again in 1899, and the tree sparrow in the former year. Mr. Howard Saunders in his "Manual of British Birds" hinted at the likelihood of the redpole breeding near London, and in this he was clearly well informed: but we may be allowed to keep the precise spot, where these two species are to be looked for, a secret—the more so as neither is specially protected by the new Order.

It is curious that the receipt of really good and authentic news from South Africa has had a less marked effect upon prices than the unfounded rumours of the relief of Ladysmith, which reached us in "the old unhappy far-off days" of the Christmas crisis. This is as it should be, for feverish advances are invariably followed by violent reaction. The telegram from Lord Roberts announcing that the De Beers Mine would be at work again in ten days naturally sent the price of the shares up to 27½, and should the directors decide to pay the last half-year's dividend, the effect on the South African market would be decidedly good. As it is, notwithstanding a certain amount of anxiety as to what the Boers may do to the machinery, there has been quiet buying of the leading outcrop and deep-level mines; among the latter Rose Deeps have risen from 7 to 8½. Home Rails seem out of favour for the moment and are easier than they were at the beginning of the week, while the ups and downs in Americans continue to exasperate dealers and clients alike. The prophets who foretold the fall of copper and backed their opinion by selling Rio Tintos, are now paying for their "lugubrious vaticinations," and in view of the unique position of the mine the price of £50 for the £5 Deferred Shares is not excessive. Perhaps the best market has been in Argentine Rails, the stock of the leading lines like the Central Argentine and the Great Southern having risen 3 or 4 points in the week. The Ordinary Stock of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific has risen 8, and the Second Preference 6 points, upon excellent traffics and renewed rumours of amalgamation with powerful neighbours. Money has been slightly dearer and Consols have improved to 101½.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

THE lines on which the military situation in South Africa has developed during the past week are not a surprise, but the rapidity with which "a strong and well-organised force has advanced into the Free State," to quote our words of three weeks ago, is equally unexpected and gratifying. Profound as was the secrecy which shrouded the movement of troops in the northern portion of Cape Colony, it is not difficult to believe that the omnipresent Boer spy got early information of the withdrawal of French's cavalry and of Kelly-Kenny's division from the Colesberg region, and that the Boer leaders took prompt steps to mass troops there with a view to deal a strategic blow on our main line of communications at Naauppoort and De Aar. The sharp fighting near Arundel is, of course, the direct outcome of this. It would be insulting to Lord Roberts and his Staff were it to be imagined for an instant that such an obvious riposte to our concentration near the Modder had not been foreseen and amply guarded against. Hence the outcry of the jealous Continental critics on this point may be ignored as a puerile attempt to detract from the success of the masterly move of the British commander. No small credit is also due to him that the world was led to imagine that Kelly-Kenny's immediate object was to join hands with General Gatacre at Thebus Station, whereas all the time he was speeding on the road to Kimberley. Lord Roberts has unquestionably proved himself a sound strategist by his temporary abandonment of the main line of advance via Colesberg on Bloemfontein, the reasons for which it is not very hard now to realise. With some thousands of Boers entrenched in the kopjes around Colesberg an advance on that line would obviously have entailed a certain amount of sharp fighting with its inevitable delays. When in due course (and at the usual price of heavy losses to us) the Boers were compelled to retire across the Orange River, they would naturally have destroyed the remaining bridges and made a second stand on that line. Here they would either have been reinforced by the commandos now facing Generals Gatacre and Brabant or these might have detached some part of their forces to threaten the right flank of a British advance on Norval's Pont and Colesberg Bridge. Of course the numerous possible points of passage of the river and the fact that three main bodies of Boers were located in the northern portions of the Colony rendered the situation one from which half a dozen or more strategical combinations were possible. The above has merely been outlined as one which might reasonably be expected to occur. But Lord Roberts by electing to cross the bulk of his force by the Orange River Bridge and follow the railway up to Graspan at one stroke turned the defences of the whole river-line and avoided the costly combats for the possession of the crossings which he otherwise must have undertaken.

We may be now tolerably confident that when the invading Boers feel the pressure on their main line of communications they will fall back across the Orange River, and will no doubt demolish any of the bridges still intact or in temporary working order. These we must be and are prepared to reconstruct, a work of no little trouble, before we can hope to use the line of railway to Bloemfontein. One of the obstacles to our advance through the Free State and Transvaal, predicted before the war commenced by one intimately acquainted with both the region and Boer methods of defence, was that the Boers, if compelled to retire, would destroy their railways. They would destroy them not in the ordinary sense of rendering railways temporarily useless by demolishing bridges and culverts at intervals, but by the systematic and absolute destruction of the line wherever possible by means of dynamite of which enormous stores are obtainable. It is only reasonable to hope that should Lord Roberts succeed in occupying Bloemfontein, the Boers may be compelled to withdraw northward with such precipitation as to prevent the carrying out of this amiable scheme. It is needless to point out the enormous relief to our transport and the great strengthening of our ever-lengthening lines of

communication should a line of railway, patrolled by armoured trains, be available as the connecting link between the advanced base and the front of our army. At the present moment, the defeat of the reinforcements which were to relieve Cronje and his investment at Koodoosrand have changed the situation so materially in favour of the British that it is not impossible that in the Free State the war may collapse in a very short time. Cronje, however, may have sent his heavy guns with some portion of his force northward.

Turning to the Eastern theatre of war, it is certain that the invasion of the Free State has caused grave anxieties to those Free-Staters engaged around Ladysmith and that a considerable number have hastened through Van Reenan's Pass to aid in the defence of their own territory. The railway assists them as far as Bethlehem, whence a road conducts through Winburg to the railway north of Bloemfontein, only four to five days' marching for mounted Boers. We may fairly infer that such a defection from the ranks of the Boer army in Natal will enable Sir Redvers Buller to effect the long-deferred relief of Ladysmith. After Sir Redvers Buller's disastrous failure at Spion Kop, orders apparently were sent him to continue active operations and engage the Boers closely so as to prevent them from sending reinforcements either to Kimberley or to the south of Bloemfontein. Sir Redvers has certainly admirably fulfilled the latter rôle—both by his activity and tentative crossings of the Upper Tugela, which hostile critics have with more haste than wisdom dubbed his "third failure," and also by his speeches. It is hardly necessary to say that some of his statements were merely published abroad to induce the Boers to concentrate on the west side of the town. That they did so in force and also brought up at huge trouble many heavy guns from the eastern side was tolerably well proved during Lyttelton's operations north of Potgieter's Drift and also duly recorded by our balloon. So far, the strategy of the campaign, as outlined by us, has worked out admirably and next week should see such developments as we suggested to be likely on the assumption that "Ladysmith could hold out for a few weeks longer and a general advance be made on Bloemfontein."

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

THE action of the Select Committee on the Jameson Raid in cutting short its inquiry at the point when it began to burn always seemed to us a profound mystery. Up to the moment when a recalcitrant solicitor defied the order of the House of Commons to produce certain documents, the Committee had in reality discovered nothing which the public did not already know. Mr. Rhodes had cried "peccavi," while the other witnesses had merely repeated what had been made common knowledge by the trial before the Lord Chief Justice and by the press. After the admissions of Mr. Rhodes the only point of interest for the public was the complicity or innocence of the Colonial Office. It was notorious that the agents of Mr. Rhodes, with or without his consent, had been putting it about the town that the Colonial Secretary not only knew, but approved of the preparations for the Raid. The evidence therefore of Mr. Hawksley, the solicitor to Mr. Rhodes and the Chartered Company, was vital, and acting under the instructions of his principal Mr. Hawksley refused to produce certain documents. Suddenly, mysteriously, and apparently by arrangement, all parties on the Committee decided to close the inquiry and report at once to the House of Commons! Why was this deplorable step taken? We have never believed that Mr. Chamberlain possessed any knowledge of the events in South Africa in 1895 other than what he was bound and entitled in his position to know. But had he been steeped to the lips in the guilty secrets of the Raid, he could have taken no other course in 1897 than that which, most unfortunately, he and his supporters did take in suddenly closing the inquiry. The conduct of Sir William Harcourt and his friends was equally mysterious. Mr. Labouchere failed of course to substantiate his foolish charges of Stock Exchange operations, as a man of his experience of the world might have foreseen, and he was discredited. But why did Sir William Harcourt and the other Radical

members of the Committee pull up short before the defiance of Mr. Hawksley? Sir William Harcourt has explained twice this session, in the debate on the Address and last Tuesday on the motion of Mr. Thomas, that Mr. Hawksley's examination would have necessitated an adjournment, the presentation of an ad interim report, and the reappointment in the next session of the Committee, which he professes to believe the friends of the Raiders had sufficient influence to prevent. This explanation cannot impose upon the most ignorant outsider, and was indeed destroyed, almost as soon as advanced, by Sir William Harcourt himself. For nearly every word which Sir William Harcourt uttered on Tuesday night, in supporting the motion of Mr. D. A. Thomas, was a reason, not why the inquiry into the Jameson Raid should be reopened now, but why it should have been probed to the bottom two years ago. In language of unusual cogency, and with relentless logic, Sir William Harcourt convicted himself and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman of a grave dereliction of duty in 1897. We agree with Sir William Harcourt in his belief that Mr. Chamberlain is innocent of the charge of possessing improper information and of encouraging conspirators. We agree with Sir William Harcourt that such charges against a Secretary of State and his department involve our national honour and the integrity of our Civil Service. We agree with Sir William Harcourt that such charges should be met and laid by a prompt and full inquiry. But then these charges were made in 1897, when Sir William Harcourt found it compatible with his duty to stop the inquiry just when it reached the alleged complicity of the Colonial Office, in order that he might report immediately to the House that Mr. Rhodes was the author of the Raid! Sir William Harcourt's explanation was only surpassed in absurdity by that of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who naively told the House on Tuesday that it was impossible to go on examining the defiant Mr. Hawksley as if nothing had happened.

It is evident that Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman have been taken severely to task by their supporters for their conduct on the Committee, and that their votes and speeches on Tuesday last were intended to atone for their error in 1897. But it is too late. Every thinking man, with the faculty of seeing beyond the end of his nose, must agree that this is not the time to reopen the inquiry into the Jameson Raid. We are still in the middle of a difficult war with the two South African Republics. It is still therefore the duty of all parties in the State to avoid topics which will inevitably divide the nation and therefore weaken the Government without any compensating advantage. Suppose that further inquiry should so compromise Mr. Chamberlain that he was forced to resign. Who would be the gainer thereby? Would our position in Europe be improved? Would our military arm in South Africa be strengthened? Would the feelings between Briton and Boer be softened? We have already said that in our judgment these charges against the Colonial Secretary should have been thoroughly sifted, and, as we believe would have happened, been disproved at the time. If the telegrams and letters were of no consequence, as we have been assured, why not have produced them without more ado? An unsolved mystery is a dangerous thing, and, while condemning the present reopening of the subject, we are not sure that it might not be advisable, at a future and more tranquil time, to clear up everything in the interest of the public service. Not that we believe either in Sir William Harcourt's conspiracy amongst the friends of Mr. Rhodes to vilify and blackmail Mr. Chamberlain, any more than we believe in the conspiracy of his political opponents to hunt him out of public life. It is quite possible that the opponents of Mr. Chamberlain and the friends of Mr. Rhodes may both honestly believe that the Colonial Secretary knew of and favoured the Raid. It is indeed more than possible, it is highly probable that the third-rate busybodies whom Mr. Rhodes, unhappily for himself, has always employed as his agents, believed any lie about a Secretary of State. But this does not prove a conspiracy or anything of the kind. Mr. Chamberlain is not the victim of anybody or anything, except

his own rather impulsive tongue. We think that he would have played a more dignified part on Tuesday if he had not treated the motion as a personal attack and posed, as he is too fond of doing, as the persecuted saint. His explanation of his defence of Mr. Rhodes' honour was worse than the original offence, and the less said about this painful subject the better. But Mr. Chamberlain ought to have recognised that the good faith of a Secretary of State is not a personal, but a public, matter. The Colonial Secretary was not attacked in his private but in his ministerial capacity, and he would, we think, have done far better to court a resumption of the inquiry, and left it to Mr. Balfour to say that there were reasons of State, of cardinal importance, which must be obvious to every patriotic citizen, why the Government could not accept the motion at such a time as the present. The Master of Elibank is right when he says, in a letter to the "Times" of Thursday, "that is an evil day for our public life when unsubstantiated charges are levelled with impunity at men holding Cabinet rank, and by implication at officials in the permanent service possessing their confidence." Quite so: but why describe a desire, in whatever quarter, to probe such charges as "an attempt to stab Mr. Chamberlain in the back"? Surely that is very clumsy advocacy.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

AT last the tide of war has turned in our favour, and this week we have little else than a series of successes to chronicle. The effects of Lord Roberts' plans have been far-reaching. General Cronje's army is said to be in a death-trap, and the whole situation has been revolutionised. Hitherto the Boers have had no difficulty in keeping open their communications. Now the war is being carried into the enemy's country, and it is not unreasonable to conjecture that their proverbial mobility will soon be, if it is not already, a thing of the past.

To turn to actual details. As early as the 15th a Boer movement away from Ladysmith was noticeable. This no doubt was due to a natural desire on the part of the Free-Staters to "trek" homewards. General Buller has since dislodged the Boers from their position south of the Tugela. On the 15th Hussar Hill—a southern ridge of the Boer position—was taken. On the following day a further advance was made, and on the 17th an extensive turning movement commenced. An official telegram subsequently told us that on the 18th Sir Redvers Buller moved round the Boer left flank. On the 19th General Barton's brigade took Hlangwane Hill, which commands Colenso, and on the 20th the remainder of the army advanced towards the Tugela. Colenso was found practically evacuated. Nearly all the Boer forces had withdrawn from the Tugela. General Hart was thus enabled to occupy Colenso with nothing more serious to encounter than a slight resistance on the part of a weak rearguard. As a consequence the line of the Tugela was then held by our troops from Colenso to Eagle's Nest. At the time the message was despatched General Hart's advanced guard was crossing the river, and the casualties were described as few. The Boers were in full retreat, and the only position they were occupying was one on a bend of the river near the Colenso-Ladysmith railway and about three miles east of Colenso. On the 21st the 5th Division crossed the Tugela by a pontoon bridge, and drove back the enemy's rear. The naval 12-pounders silenced all his guns. The relief of Ladysmith therefore is not unreasonably looked for immediately. From the South comes the news that Dordrecht has been reoccupied by our troops, and that the enemy are retiring on Labuschange's Nek. On the 17th General Brabant attacked a Boer position near Bird's River, and fighting lasted from 9 A.M. till dusk. At midnight a Boer laager was taken at the point of the bayonet, and a considerable number of Boer guns captured. The enemy then took up a position on some heights near Dordrecht where a Krupp gun was soon mounted. From Rensburg the British forces have withdrawn to Arundel owing to the overwhelmingly large number of Boers in the

neighbourhood. Prior to the retirement severe fighting occurred on the 12th. General Clements made a reconnaissance from Arundel on the 17th when the enemy was found in position west of Rensburg. On the 20th the Boers made a determined attempt to invest Arundel. The movements however of the mounted troops, which consisted of the Inniskilling Dragoons, some Australians and some mounted infantry with field and horse artillery and two howitzers, succeeded in effectually repulsing the enemy's advance. But the most important events of the week have been happening in the West. On the evening of the 15th General French reached Kimberley with a force of cavalry, artillery and mounted infantry. Meanwhile on the 16th General Kelly-Kenny's division left Waterval Drift and marched to Rondevaal Drift to hold the crossing of the Modder River, and thus leave General French free to act. General Cronje's retreating force was attacked at Klip Drift with the result that 78 waggons laden with stores, rifles and shells fell into our hands. As soon as General French had learnt the direction of the enemy's retreat, he appears to have left Kimberley, and hastened away in pursuit. The list of casualties among officers which has been published shows how severe the fighting must have been, and how arduous is the task still before us. That these operations were well conceived and well carried out admits of no doubt. But it is at least regrettable that General Cronje's army was not disposed of in the neighbourhood of Magersfontein itself. Possibly however Cronje may have had early warning of Lord Roberts' movements, and taken his measures accordingly. Otherwise it is difficult to see how he could have carried away his heavy guns. But it is open to question whether General French's division would not have been better occupied in attempting to cut off his retreat than by making a formal entry into Kimberley. By an official telegram dated the 19th we learnt that Lord Roberts was at Paardeberg. On the 20th he dispersed the reinforcements from Natal which were hurrying to the assistance of Cronje, whose position at Koodoosrand Drift Lord Roberts found could only be stormed at an unnecessary sacrifice of life. Cronje, now completely surrounded, asked for an armistice which was refused. A decimating fire has since been maintained by British howitzers and naval guns. Mafeking is still safe.

Lord Roberts' proclamation to the burghers of the Free State is a model of tact and sense, and offers those who have had enough of fighting the chance of retiring peacefully to their farms. In their case this is especially easy. The Boers do not wear uniform. The British nation which has received the news of its reverses in so dignified a manner is not now intemperately elated at success. Certainly it is a healthy sign of the times that the nation can bear reverses without vilifying its Generals.

THE QUESTION OF THE NATIVES.

A GOOD deal of alarm has been expressed by those whose sympathies lie with the Boers concerning the answers given by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain when questioned, at the end of last week, as to the policy of the Government in Zululand. Without inquiring how far that alarm was genuine we may admit that it was possible for the ignorant or prejudiced to twist those statements so that they might suggest disquieting possibilities. If we examine the words employed, they by no means warrant the conclusion it has been sought to draw from them. Mr. Chamberlain pointed out truly enough that there had been a tacit, but none the less binding, compact that neither party to the war must attempt to enlist the aid of native races on its own behalf. Such an understanding was based not only on the dictates of humanity but also of the most elementary commonsense. The whole of our policy at the Cape has been rightly swayed by a wish to do nothing that would in any way interfere with the respect felt by the natives for our rule or their absolute security under our protection. It has been hinted, or more than hinted, that the Government has intimated that the Boer proceedings in Zululand have induced them to change their attitude and that they are

contemplating putting arms into the natives' hands in order that they may assist us in repelling the aggressors. Now this statement was not made. Mr. Chamberlain said that if their territory was deliberately invaded, "the natives will be encouraged and assisted in every way to defend themselves." Mr. Balfour said that if the Boers adopt a course inconsistent with our original ideas the Government would hold itself free to reconsider its original decision. These declarations were at once twisted by the Irish members to mean that we intended to enlist "Zulu allies" and by Mr. Courtney to mean that the Boers were charged with violating the practices of war. Of course, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, there had been no charge made of violating the ordinary practices of war in this case, but undoubtedly a charge does lie against the Boers of violating the compact upon which all struggles between the whites in South Africa must perforce be carried out. It may perhaps be reasonably held not proved that Zulus have been fighting against us round Ladysmith, but there is no denial to the charge that the Boers have invaded native territories and incited the natives against us by words and deeds. As a matter of abstract justice that undoubtedly justifies us in giving the natives the means of protecting themselves and retaliating upon the aggressors. But abstract justice is the last foundation upon which successful statesmanship can safely be erected and we have no hesitation in saying that the Government will do well seriously to consider what effect such a course would have on public opinion in South Africa.

The disarmament of the natives has been held to be a fundamental axiom of our Government and if we were to throw it over now the effects would indeed "stagger humanity." In the first place it would be impossible to limit the use of arms. You cannot persuade a savage that there is any meaning in the motto "defence not defiance." In the second, could we persuade him that he was not to invade his enemy's territory? His logic is rude but we should find it hard to prove that he was not justified in invading in his turn. Lastly, the arms once put into his hands, we should never get them back. Now, leaving apart all considerations of sentiment, these arguments are quite enough to persuade any reasonable being that our Government does not intend what the foreign Press and some people at home, who ought to know better, pretend to believe it does. The statements of Ministers are meant to convey a grave warning to the Boer filibusters and promise of adequate protection to the natives, but circumstances precluded concise statements as to its nature. This can be easily explained.

These incursions are carried out by the Boers settled on the frontier. These men are the least disciplined of an undisciplined community. They have pushed to the extreme limits of their territory because they may there practise with impunity those courses which the least scrupulous Government represses among its own subjects. The looting of their neighbours' cattle is their most profitable profession. They have figured again and again in the history of the Transvaal. Their proceedings have never been discouraged by their Government and often secretly promoted. If successful, they enlarge the borders of the State, if not they are disavowed. They succeeded in Zululand in 1884. To such men the goods of unarmed natives, insufficiently protected, offer a tempting prey. Cupidity therefore is sufficient explanation of their own action. But in two ways they serve their Government. Tactically the invasion of Zululand helps them because to meet it we must detach troops, thus more or less weakening our forces, and politically it creates grave difficulties for our Administration. We have therefore two excellent reasons why the Boer authorities should not discountenance these proceedings. They stand to lose nothing and to win a good deal. They know that we cannot afford to let the natives get out of hand, but there is no reason why we should not place them and their friends in a logical dilemma and seriously disquiet them by pointing out conceivable results of their conduct. We should, of course, if necessary, detach troops to defend our protégés but it is not likely that we are going to inform our enemies that we intend to weaken one or other of our armies.

The Boers will not, especially as matters now stand,

press home invasions of native territory. Their efforts have been directed to the objects we have specified and they have been carried out by free-lances. The Government at Pretoria have not met with the political success in this debased Machiavelism that they expected. That they have not must be set down to the marvellous tact nerve and sagacity of the magistrates and police in Zululand and of Sir Godfrey Lagden and his subordinates, for, though Basutoland has not been invaded, Boer agents have been attempting to foment disaffection. We are always being told that the native respects us and hates the Boers. That is true enough but it is no true corollary that he will therefore always adhere to us. A savage has short views. He cannot look before and after. He loves his cattle first and always. So if week after week he sees the Boer successful and suffers loss in consequence it is too much to expect that sentimental reasons will keep him quiet. Our successes were none too early and the Boer commando entered Zululand too late. A few more weeks might have shaken its allegiance. The native asks first "Can I save my cattle and my own skin?" and a long way after—"Which white man treats me best?" This explains a problem which has puzzled many in the Natal campaign. We never had any information of the enemy's movements, he always knew ours. It has been admitted that this information was conveyed by natives. This appeared inexplicable on the theory that they loved us and hated the Boers. But what happened was this. The latter looted the white men's farms and spared the natives'. The latter were told that their cattle were safe so long as they supplied constant and correct information. When we retook our territory our commanders were not clear-sighted enough to follow this policy. They trusted the native and took no hostages from him. Policy dictated driving his cattle south and holding them in pledge for his faithful scouting. We should not have hurt him and we should undoubtedly have saved disasters. That some such policy was not pursued reflects little credit on the acumen of our generals. Some discrimination is needed in the treatment of savages and in this case it was lacking.

No fair-minded man can deny that their conduct towards the neighbouring races constitutes the gravest charge against the Boers. Beginning in Bechuanaland in '83, they then managed to filch a third of Zululand in '84 after we had crushed the military power of the natives. This alone constituted a breach of Lord Wolseley's settlement. Then followed aggressions in Swaziland, and Matabeleland and the Banjailand Trek, only suppressed by the Warren expedition in 1891. After this came their attempts on Tongaland and the territories of Zambana and Umbegiza which Lord Rosebery wisely annexed in 1894. Their infamous crime against civilisation in attempting to stir up against us the unfortunate natives whom for years they have harried and who owe their safety to our protection is only a lower step in a long career of force and fraud.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE WAR.

III.—FRONTAL ATTACKS.

BEFORE the war broke out, it was no uncommon thing to hear military men discussing the most effectual methods of fighting the Boers. Amidst the many varied ideas expressed, there was an absolute consensus of opinion on one point, namely, that no frontal attacks by infantry should ever be made against Boers occupying a strong defensive position. How such were to be avoided was not always a matter upon which men were in agreement. Generally the idea, as vaguely outlined, was that some of our infantry should hold the Boers in front whilst the latter should, at the same time, be favoured with a heavy fire from our batteries. Meanwhile, infantry were to be detached to one or both flanks to threaten and, if opportunity occurred, attack them whilst our cavalry manoeuvred so as to menace their line of retreat and thus possibly induce them to relinquish their vantage ground on the kopjes. All this sounds admirably simple and, no doubt, were the topography of the district to lend itself to such a plan and the Boers consent to remain amiable

spectators of the operations, it might be found to work capitally. Unfortunately this was exactly where the difficulties arose when theory had to give way to practice. For although the veld of South Africa is apparently as level and boundless as the ocean, it is an ocean studded with islands and archipelagos in the shape of low-lying rocky hills. These islands are further frequently connected by isthmuses in the most inextricable fashion. Thus it comes about that the ideal position necessary for the successful execution of the general plan of attack as above outlined, is very rarely to be met with.

It will be noted that we deal with operations carried on in a country of the normal type to be met with in our advance through the Orange Free State and Transvaal and not in exceptionally difficult ground, such as the spurs of the Drakensberg Mountains in Natal. Also that we propose to view them from the standpoint of an officer in command of a detached force, for example, an Infantry Division with an adequate quota of artillery and cavalry. We purposely avoid dealing with larger numbers, such as the force with which Lord Roberts is now advancing through the Free State, since simple questions of tactics might in such a case easily become somewhat obscured by the larger "manœuvre tactics." These latter refer rather to the movements of considerable forces, such as French's Cavalry Division and strong force of Artillery engaged in some wide turning movement whilst Infantry Divisions are directed on certain points of tactical importance—the whole in furtherance of some combination based on considerations of strategy. Our remarks are therefore more particularly applicable to the operations of the smaller force as above described, for it is certain that, on many occasions, when our troops encounter the enemy, the actual numbers will be more approaching those of a Division than of a larger body. Setting aside for the moment the undoubted capabilities of the Boers for acting on the defence and especially on the "offensive defence" as it is styled, we will consider the tactical possibilities of our theoretical attack against a supine and inert body of men entrenched on a line of kopjes. It is evident that the first part of the programme—the infantry containing line—could generally be carried out, with the proviso that some natural shelter for our skirmishing line should conceal its actual numbers and afford some protection from the accurate long-range fire of the Boer marksmen. It is further very evident that our artillery could shell the enemy's line of infantry defence, although what amount of damage they might be able to inflict on them with shrapnel fire, recent events have rendered doubtful. We now come to the infantry, who should be detached to threaten the flanks. This delightfully simple process in theory is by no means so simple or pleasant in practice. Usually it will be found that the line of kopjes extends indefinitely on either flank and that here and there a hill projects, bastion-like, into the veld. With the great range of modern rifles such suitable points can be and are constantly held far on the flanks and somewhat in advance of a position and hence, upon the so-called outflanking bodies reaching their appointed stations, they are met with a fire in front and possibly in flank equal in intensity to that which they had been ordered to outflank in the first instance.

So far for the infantry and artillery attack. The cavalry are supposed so to alarm the Boers for the safety of their line of retreat as to induce them to abandon their positions forthwith. Here comes the fatal mistake, for no Boer leaders are so fatuous as deliberately to occupy a position thus liable to be turned. Rather do they select those which, by means of a series of kopjes connected by broken ground, render cavalry action extremely risky and at the same time assure the safe retreat of any determined body of men to some range of rocky hills whither it is impossible for cavalry to follow them. To simplify matters, the foregoing has been discussed on the assumption that the Boers will be content passively to hold on to their first lines of defence. But this is precisely what they never have done and never will do, for owing to the fact that they are all mounted men and habitually fight with their horses in sheltered spots close in rear of them, they naturally possess at least four times the mobility of our infantry. The latter, over rough ground and moving in force, cannot hope to cover more

than two-and-a-half to three miles an hour, whilst the Boer horsemen can safely reckon on ten to twelve miles an hour! Added to this in all such manœuvres as are here dealt with, the Boers, being on "interior lines," in other words having only to move across the chord whilst our infantry are operating on "exterior lines," i.e. have to move round the arc; have a further initial advantage and one which frequently gives them double the mobility already conceded to them. It is hardly a matter of surprise then that in several of our recent encounters, a well-directed effort on our part to "turn" a Boer position has merely resulted in our finding a strong force of their riflemen, rapidly thus transferred from one flank to another, posted at the very point where we had hoped to outflank them. The only alternatives now before our men in such circumstances are either to deliver the tabooed frontal attack and submit to the inevitable heavy losses, or to decline the engagement. It is hardly necessary to say which course our officers elect to follow and then we read of "another frontal attack" and severe criticisms are passed on the "folly and inutility" of such a proceeding. Of course it is open for any student of tactics to assert that, upon an outflanking force finding itself thus suddenly confronted by a position strongly held, its commander should report the altered conditions of circumstances and not make a local frontal attack. The commander of the whole force would thereupon, realising that the enemy in front of him had been weakened by reinforcing his flanks, deliver an attack to his front. This would be admirable were we still dealing with the men and armaments of Frederick the Great, but is well nigh impossible under modern conditions. To begin with, the assailant cannot tell whether the enemy in front of him has weakened his force or not, for owing to magazine rifles, a heavy fire can always be kept up by a comparatively small body of men. Also it is impossible for the officer commanding the flank attack, to report with any approximate degree of accuracy as to the strength of the defenders in front of him. The whole situation is in fact rendered so uncertain by the use of smokeless powder and the increase in the rapidity of rifle fire, that it is generally impossible to locate precisely a defending force on broken ground and still more difficult to ascertain its strength.

A favourite Boer stratagem and one which they have employed with marked success on several occasions is to occupy a kopje from the rear in such a manner that not a single defender is visible. The whole force lie absolutely low and permit the British scouts to work close up to their place of concealment. Upon the skirmishing line getting within 500 to 600 yards of the Boer position the mask is thrown aside and a storm of Mauser bullets sweeps through the advancing lines. This withholding of fire is at times most effective and, as in the case of the storming of the kopje near Enslin in the combat of Graspan, the attacking lines are often so thoroughly committed to the assault that the only thing to do is to push on quickly and see the matter through with the least delay possible.

We pass over the questions arising out of the employment of our artillery and the Boer methods of opposing and neutralising the same, since they involve many points which were discussed at length in the second article of this series.* We now come to the action of the cavalry. Here the mobility of the force opposed to them comes actively into play. There is a well-worn story of a lame captain in the American war, who was reported to have thus addressed his followers upon going into action—"Boys! I guess we'll all have to run soon, so as I'm a bit lame, I reckon I'll start now." One is irresistibly reminded of this story by the cautious arrangements made by the Boers to secure their retreat when hostile cavalry appear on the scene. For no sooner do they see that a determined infantry attack is about to be made on their prepared defences and that the nature of the country permits of our cavalry working round a flank than they at once detach a considerable body of mounted men who gallop to the rear and dismounting occupy any favourably situated kopjes commanding their line of retreat. When, in the fulness of

* "Saturday Review," 10 February, p. 163.

time the remainder of the Boers fall back and our cavalry endeavours to cut them off, they are headed and checked by the first parties of Boers thus skilfully placed. During the time taken to dislodge these, for which mounted infantry and artillery may be required, the Boers have occupied a second strong point further on along their line of retreat and once again the pursuit is checked.

There are yet other occasions, beyond those already alluded to, where a commander, despite his orders to the contrary, may be compelled to deliver frontal attacks, under the most unfavourable conditions. Thus, an active enemy may forestall him at some point of the field of battle or on his line of retreat, which if not instantly stormed may lead to irretrievable disaster. Such possibilities will present themselves to the mind of any experienced officer. It is thus clearly impossible for home critics to know whether a frontal attack has been delivered gratuitously and unthinkingly or whether it has been forced on a commander by the peculiar exigencies of the moment. There is one class of frontal attack which history tells us has often been made and made with success but which nowadays is thoroughly indefensible. We mean where a commander, after a superficial reconnaissance of an enemy in position, bewildered by the difficulties which apparently crop up to hinder any scheme he can evolve for out-manceuvring him, reverts to the good old English custom of just "going for him." Doubtless such elementary tactics have before now won us brilliant victories or saved us from almost inevitable defeat and disaster. Unfortunately the time for such crude ideas of handling troops is past and gone. To simply launch men in an attack across the open under the storm of magazine rifle and Maxim fire, not to speak of machine-shell guns which the Boers so much affect, is to be guilty of a wicked waste of life and further is only courting disaster. True it is that the extraordinary pluck and determination of our officers and men may and have rendered such desperate "tactics" (if such an operation is worthy of the name) a success, but at what cost? We can recall to our mind a certain low kopje which suddenly loomed up before a company of our infantry—the summit swarming with the enemy's marksmen—but up it our men went and onward and with a loss of over one-third of their numbers. All honour to the men who thus nobly did their duty. But a general action carried out on such lines would render a victory only one degree removed from a defeat.

Thus our officers in South Africa have by no means a simple problem before them in deciding how best to fight the enemy. It is easy to pretend to sneer at the latter as "a pack of farmers," as our jealous Continental critics, anxious to belittle the efforts of our gallant soldiers, so often do. The fact remains that under the local conditions and with their marvellous mobility and able foreign leadership the Boers are by far a more difficult foe to deal with than the best Continental troops. The latter suffer from all the disadvantages that we do as regards want of mobility, &c., and it is no exaggeration or boastfulness that causes us to say that were we now opposed to such troops in place of our friends the Boers, our officers and men would find their task considerably lightened.

GREY SCOUT.

"NEW BEASTS AT THE GARDENS."

IF new arrivals at the Gardens of the Zoological Society have not, lately, been very numerous it may fairly be said that what has been wanting in quantity has been made up in quality. Two representatives of the remarkable and waning order of the lung fishes (Dipnoi) a pair of Grévy's zebras—a beautiful variety so named owing to the first specimen seen in Europe being presented by the Emperor Menelik to President Grévy—a pair of the marvellous Babiroussa from the Celebes and a king penguin from the Antarctic seas are, like Warwick and Salisbury in the days of Queen Margaret, "no simple peers," and there are others which, if they do not quite rank with these, yet

to look at them is "like looking at the Jungfrau after Mont Blanc—a little, only a little, less sublime and awful." Of them all, perhaps (for on such a point certainty is not to be expected) the king penguin is the most remarkable, both to the work-a-day eye of the ordinary visitor and the reflective one of the evolutionary naturalist. The former, till he discovers that it is a penguin, which quiets him and explains everything, is in a state of exclamatory wonder whilst, to the latter, *Aptenodytes longirostris*, as he fondly pronounces it to be (not forgetting to tell you that some authorities prefer calling this species *Aptenodytes pennanti*) presents the most strongly marked instance of special adaptation to changed habits, with consequent divergence from the typical avian form with which science is acquainted—if indeed, apteryx, casuarius, dinornis and one or two others do not offer equally forcible examples, as to which he will reserve his opinion. Two things strike one about equally in this delicious creature, its deliciousness, which is made up of its extraordinariness, and its beauty. Wonder, no doubt, precedes admiration. The eye takes in the outline first and one really feels that one is Alice (or somebody else) in Wonderland, as a little, weird, grotesque white-waistcoated bolt-upright creature, only three feet high but full of deportment, comes up to one with something between a strut and a toddle and with a general suggestion of "How do, how do? Excuse flippers. I haven't what you folks call a hand." That it should not have one seems remarkable, for an upright carriage and a broad frontage of waistcoat suggests hands and not flippers. Flippers, however, they are—at least—or do they only look like them? And just as a long, unmistakable beak—assuring you that it cannot be the mock turtle—sets you wondering whether they are really wings, the keeper assures you of the fact and your eye catches the plate, with name, on the railing—*Aptenodytes*, &c.—and you come out of "Wonderland" and remember that you are at the Gardens and have heard, or even read about penguins ever since you were little. And then comes admiration with a rush for, having assimilated his quaintness, you see that *Aptenodytes* is a handsome bird—no, personage—with a glorified head and the very sunrise on his breast, his waistcoat. The sunrise, yes, for just at the top of it, rising from the waistcoat as if from the sea but having three-quarters of its upper disc hidden by the dark feather-clouds of the throat, is the sun, a golden feathery sun and the gold of it is diffused downwards—glossed over the glossy, silver-creamy white—in gradually diminishing splendour till about half-way down, just where the middle button would be—it gleams and glimmers itself out. One almost seems to see rays. Anything fresher, purer, more pellucidly lovely it would be impossible to imagine. The breast of the king penguin is bright, sunny morning. The head, however, including the face is jetty black but a little way back on each side of it the blackness is cut into as though with a knife—so sharp is the line of demarcation—by two patches of the same splendid—or even still more splendid—colour as that on the breast. These patches are comet-shaped, if a comet may have a very fat, almost circular head and a very thin, curved tail, which tails run down each side of the neck getting thinner and thinner till, in an almost imperceptible streak they join the opposite horns of the sun's crescent and enter into his glory. One would think this should be enough for any bird, but *Aptenodytes* has feathers on the throat just under the chin which, though they look black at first like the head, glint suddenly into a dark metallic green whenever the light catches them, whilst on each side of the long, thin, slightly curved beak, commencing at its base and running along the lower mandible to within a couple of inches of the tip, it displays two broad strips of naked, red-orange skin, intensely brilliant and conspicuous. These are its special points. The rest are but adjuncts, as for instance the whole of the back which is of a blueish, slaty grey, looking much more like fur than feathers, and suggesting a newly bought and very expensive mantle of the most fashionable design. The sleeves which fit the queer little flipper-wings quite tightly are, on the upper surface, of the same colour, but inside they are white, with greyish blends, the smooth, small close-pressed

feathers having, all over them, the appearance of scales. These wonderfully modified wings are unbendable so that they cannot be folded up. They move only from the shoulder-joint and are quite devoid of quills. The wing, in fact, has become a paddle like that of the seal or porpoise; indeed, except as regards the head, this penguin much resembles a porpoise when in the water. The legs and feet—the former feathered almost to the ground—are very thick and massive, giving a firm basis of support for the long, upright body and adding much to the effect of the little pompous strut or stride which gives the bird its great charm of manner. You are struck by the fact that the web joining the toes is rather deeply notched—enough, at least, to surprise in so aquatic a being—but, no doubt, the powerful, long, thin wings, cutting the water like the paddles of a Canadian canoe, only more effectively, do the principal work—at any rate when under the surface. On the land poor Aptenodytes must always, in spite of his sunny radiance, be just a little ridiculous, however charmingly so, but in the sea, amidst the rough surging billows of the Antarctic Ocean—"in cradle of the rude imperious surge"—he must impress the imagination in a very different manner—more as the dark cormorant or the stormy petrel does. Unfortunately a sort of enlarged concrete wash-basin is a poor substitute for the Antarctic Ocean and so the poor, lonely bird, taken from his kith and kin and debarred from the enjoyment of all his natural activities, seems to think. It is melancholy to see this most aquatic of all birds in such accommodation as English hospitality has supplied him with. Still he is lucky in his degree. After all he is not living in a rabbit-hutch or a parrot-cage—at the Aquarium (!) hard by. We should have liked to say something—to prattle a little—of the ways and habits of these dear birds, how they breed (or bred; it is safest, alas, to use the past tense) on the Falkland Islands, choosing always the north or east side of them and commencing to lay just on 7 October, how some of the sites chosen were several miles from the sea, and how the penguins marched from it in detachments of from ten to twenty looking like regiments of soldiers and making regular roads through the grass, how they all sat close together—some hundreds of thousands—and hatched their eggs and reared their young in peace and amity and how, till man, settling, in an evil hour, on the islands, commenced to rob and to murder them, they were as happy as they are charming and innocent. But Ceratodus is waiting and, moreover, these things are known—the last but too well, concerning which one need read but Professor Newton ("A Dictionary of Birds," pages 705-6). So we will leave Aptenodytes, only just adding that he is fed on herrings and never suggests being a bird except, by association, when he preens his feathers.

We come, with apologies, to Ceratodus. He has been put into the reptile-house doubtless because he has one lung which is as much as some reptiles have—the snakes for instance. Reptiles, who have all of them lungs or a lung, take precedence, in the etiquette of classification, of fishes who have none. Ceratodus is an exception (one of three), and he is proud of it, as you can easily see, with a sort of slow, heavy, Pooh-Bah-like pride. The reptiles, however, do not admit his right to be housed with them and they base their denial of it on the fact that Ceratodus' lung, though functionally it is one, is structurally only a swim-bladder, and they, moreover, urge with much apparent force, that it is only at certain times, when the water is muddy or filled with decaying vegetation, that even the functional argument can be used. On all ordinary occasions the swim-bladder, say they, acts purely as such, and, therefore, Ceratodus should be in the aquarium. So, as one looks around, one sees many a sullen look on many a high-born reptilian countenance. But there is one consolation for all. They were all here before Ceratodus; they "went in" first. Ceratodus—there are two specimens, one rather larger than the other—is, to look at, a great, heavy muddy fish with large scales—the unsentimental will excuse us if we mention that they are "ganoid" scales—standing out in bold relief and having a plated appearance. There is about him a general resemblance to a barbel except

for the fins and the tail, the latter of which is, in shape, like the section of a blunt fir-cone, thinning out on either side till you, at last, see the light through a thickish, leathery membrane, which has almost become a part of the flesh. This great tail, into which near one half of the body seems to have become absorbed, is the most effective instrument of its owner's progression and is constantly moving from side to side with a lazy, undulatory motion, unfurling and folding in again upon itself as does a flag in an uncertain wind. The anterior fins are also much moved and in a very limb-like manner. They seem indeed to be on the path of progression into true limbs, and to have got some way towards this goal, even so far as scratching the back at which Ceratodus is an adept. In shape they suggest a turtle's flippers but are narrower, sharply pointed at the ends and quite six inches long. In the larger of the two specimens, weighing, perhaps, some twelve pounds, one of these fins or flippers is much narrower than the other and this, to the Darwinian suggests that the process of modification is still continuing. The fish often raises himself quite up on the two points of these modified fins—which he sticks in the pebbles—and looks at you, showing the livid orange of his under surface from the thick lip to the broad thin tail. After a slow heavy look he gives you up and undulates slowly away. Then he will lie, a little, motionless on the bottom, yet soon move again for he is, in fact, less sluggish than he has the appearance of being. But all his motions are slow and semi-lethargic. There are no quick darting ones. All is "dignified and stately." Ceratodus, we should say, is the mud fish of the Australian settlers ("barramunda" is the native name) and has long been credited with powers of locomotion on land, which there can be no doubt that he in some degree possesses. As to the degree there is a difference of opinion which now that we possess the animal might, one would think, be easily settled, but this according to the keeper, has not yet been done. He attains a length of six feet and feeds mostly on decayed leaves that have fallen into the water. *Polypterus Senegalus* or the snake-fish, though related to Ceratodus is not allowed to see him, but lives in a different house which he shares with various turtles and with tortoises of huge size and fabulous antiquity. His body, as his name implies, is elongated to quite a serpent-like extent, but he has fins and other fishy appurtenances and maintains generally, and with credit, the character of a fish. His chief, or at least his most noticeable, point (his lungs, of course, you don't notice) is the remarkable dorsal fin running down three-quarters of the back and divided into ten separate little finlets, nine of which can be raised at pleasure, whilst the tenth laps on to the tail or caudal fin, which, though more membranous and less fleshy than that of Ceratodus, is the same in its general character. These finlets when they stand up are, in shape, like so many little Gothic arches, each of them having, on one side—that towards the head—a stout but sharply pointed spine to which the delicate transparent membrane forming the rest of the surface is, all along, attached. These spines, though they hardly project beyond the membrane, have a very weaponry, "gardez-vous" sort of look about them, and from the ease and frequency with which *Polypterus* elevates them one divines at once their true office. *Polypterus* is confined to the tropical rivers of Africa where he is abundant though little is known as to his habits. In the Gardens, at least, he is flesh-eating and relishes the intestines of fowls. He is much sprightlier than Ceratodus which prevents him looking so proud. Whether this extends to his feelings is not yet known but, as he possesses a double lung-functioning swim-bladder, it would seem safe to assume that these are in accordance. But though he may be, and in all probability is, proud, we cannot believe that he is so proud as Ceratodus. Ceratodus is the Pooh Bah of fishes.

In the reptile-house, too, there are some new iguana lizards from South America. "Iguana tuberculata rhinolophus" you may call them unless you wish to insult them in an open and undisguised manner, in which case you may use the English equivalent of "nose-crested iguana." Their chief beauty—and it is

far more conspicuous than the defect so unkindly hinted at—lies in a wonderful enamelled plate which is inlaid in the skin of the throat just above the dewlap and on each side of it. There are, in fact, three such plates which lie close together and are formed by a sudden enlargement of the ordinary scales. Two of them preserve, more or less, the shape of these, but the third, which is very much larger—as large perhaps as a shilling—is almost round and is set in a thick black ring (as are the others in a thinner one) which is a similar ornamentative enlargement of the slight inter-spaces of skin which separate the scales from each other. This plate is really lovely, having a cloudy iridescence within which, in pearly glimmer, lie faint, pale greens, grey mauvey blues, delicate ruddy-touched siennas. A marvellous plate! The pearl and the mother-o'-pearl are both there, but sleep-softened, dream-subdued. It is exquisite. Never mind their noses. Nose-crested! A wart or two merely. Let them put that plate in their crest. For the rest these strange creatures are impossible to describe, but who that has once seen them—especially when lying together in a heap—can forget their more salient features—their great, frilled dewlap hanging right down to the ground when they are reared above it on their fore-limbs, crinkled up to nothing against it when they lie along at full length, their wonderful spiney comb or crest running from the beginning of the neck right to the end of the tail in gradually lessening notches and the immense length of this tail tapering into the thinnest possible point, their rough baggy skin with its luridly handsome blendings of green, grey, blue, brown and yellow changing and intermingling almost like the colours of the chameleon, the long, sprawly toes, the grotesque bendings of the limbs, the dry, withered, puckered-up look of the creatures? Then their extraordinary immobility, staying in a set attitude with a no less set expression for hours together, then almost startling you with a slight, slow bend of the head to one or the other side, their general "grotesquerie" and suggestion of malevolence coupled with their real innocence, the eternal desire they excite in you to see them run with their eternal refusal to do so, their sudden winking of an eye which had seemed immovable immediately before, and seems so again immediately after, their moving at last, getting only a quarter of an inch and stopping there a quarter of an hour, then getting another two inches and stopping altogether, their slipping about over things smooth, their slow deliberation and unconsciousness of absurdity, their gradual rising on the top of each other, their heads, their tails, their getting mixed, their funniness, their wondrousness, their indescribability, in a word their iguanadom—who can forget it? Grévy's Zebra—but there is no space left either for Grévy's Zebra, the babiroussa, or several others. They must all have a grievance.

TROPICAL POLITICS.

MR. ALLEYN IRELAND has given us an exceedingly interesting and valuable book in his "Tropical Colonisation,"* one that makes all in England interested in the tropics his debtors. The book is written from the standpoint of one acquainted with the West Indian group of colonies—a group where the sugar question is a burning one and where the results of the abolition of the slave trade have produced a situation of peculiar difficulty requiring a line of treatment or policy not necessarily common to all our tropical empire. I venture to think Mr. Ireland would have done England in the tropics more justice if he had included Egypt and India in his interesting chapter on the forms of government she employs in administering tropical regions; but he has elected to speak only on those colonies under the direct rule of our Colonial Office. Being under the Colonial Office, I respectfully contend, does not constitute a colony. Mr. Alleyn Ireland however has a gallant battle in his

introductory chapter as to what does constitute a colony, a battle I implore him to persist in further; because of the great danger that there is in words. We are informed that we "in the street" should accurately instruct our statesmen, instead of presupposing they know, and Mr. Ireland deciding, for lack of a better word, to call the possessions he discourses on "colonies," may lead some leader seriously astray and make him think the West Indies are all the same as Australia and legislate for them accordingly, or, conversely, to suppose that Australia is the same as the West Indies and similarly get affairs "entangled." Mr. Ireland would indeed do excellent work if he would find a correct designation for such possessions as the West Indies, such possessions as India and Egypt, and such possessions as Nigeria and Uganda. It is plain to the man in the street that these things—though some be under the Colonial Office, some under the Foreign Office, and one had an Office of its own—differ, in what the metaphysician would term essence, from Australia and Canada: but we have no distinctive fixed word. They are all likely to be called by the hasty "colonies" and they are not all colonies: and with all due respect Adam Smith was wrong when he said, regarding the word colony derived from the Latin *colonia*, that "the Latin word signifies simply a plantation." The Latin word refers to husbandry not to a plantation, as Adam Smith knew "plantations:" and if the word be persisted in it is the Africans, not the English, who are "colonists" in the West Indies. Then again Sir George Cornwall Lewis, who most wisely insisted on a distinction being drawn between our possessions, suggests for the non-emigrant held possessions the term Dependency. Well—we are all dependencies in the British Empire, the Islands in the North Sea, India, Australia, Canada, Egypt, South and Central Africa, &c. so the term "Dependency" is not distinctive enough to mark off emigrant-made empire from non-emigrant-made empire, and we are as far off the right word as ever. What the right word is I leave to my betters to state, but it seems to me that our non-emigrant-made possessions, though differing in essence from the emigrant-made ones, have, from an Imperial standpoint, one common factor. That factor is that they have been made part of our Empire by the courage and enterprise of British men. In the emigrant-made it has been emigrant enterprise, in the non-emigrant it has been commercial enterprise. In the first case the individual's interest has been transferred to the over-seas land, in the second the individual's interest remains rooted in the old country. Both retain their rights as Englishmen pure and simple and do not become another race, and it seems to me the right word for the non-emigrant possession is, until a better comes, market, not colony.

Over the rest of Mr. Ireland's excellent and thoughtful introduction I must pass briefly. I wish I could adopt his division of the state of public mind into three periods of progressive development regarding our over-sea Empire. He says "In examining the growth of the British colonial conception we find it can be divided into three periods. Firstly the period of the old colonial system, during which the prevailing idea in regard to colonies was that they were a national asset which should be made to yield as much profit as possible to the Sovereign State. Secondly the period of *laissez aller* marked by a strong sentiment in favour of allowing all colonies to become independent, a sentiment which had its origin in the success of the American revolutionary war, and was further fostered by the Canadian Rebellion of 1837; thirdly the era of Greater Britain." This era that we are living in now seems to me to be not a growth of home intelligence proceeding out of the first and second periods of Mr. Ireland's classification but period one and two fighting together, and period one, providentially, gaining the best of it; but not because of growth in home intelligence but because of the enormous burst of enthusiasm naturally and properly striking the home mind on seeing the splendid success of our emigrant-made Empire. There is I think one text that every tropical imperialist should turn to and learn by heart, that is Sir Robert Giffen's paper given to the Colonial Institute

* "Tropical Colonisation." By Alleyn Ireland. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899. 7s. 6d. net.

on 14 February, 1899, entitled "The Relative Growth of the Component Parts of the British Empire;" therein you will find a group (c) table 7. May I ask you, by a scientific use of imagination, as recommended by John Tyndall, to conceive what would be the state of mind towards our over-sea empire if we found it all in this condition of group (c) table 7? Frankly, I do not believe general Imperialism under such a condition would exist, and I dread that an Imperialism for the tropics will not long exist at home, now, if the condition of group (c) table 7 is allowed to extend as a disease over our recently acquired tropical empire in Africa. There is no danger of that condition spreading, so long as Lord Cromer is there, into Egypt; nor so long as our Indian system is kept intact into India: but into the rest of our tropical empire it seems to me certain it must spread under existing forms of our administration there. This question brings me to Mr. Ireland's next chapter, that on forms of government. As aforesaid, he ignores India and Egypt as typical and deals only with our two forms of the Crown Colony system—i.e. the Crown Colony pure and simple, and the Crown Colony with sham representative institutions. Mr. Ireland prefers the former. Were it possible for me to love a Crown Colony I should certainly deposit my affections on Mr. Ireland's choice, for anything is better than humbug, but still Mr. Ireland's choice plainly is only a variant form of a species of opinion I have often met with—namely, Englishmen under the control of the Foreign Office in West Africa profoundly wishing they were under the Colonial Office and Englishmen under the Colonial Office profoundly wishing they were under the Foreign Office. Mr. Ireland shows symptoms of feeling possibly there is an alternative to the Crown Colony system for tropical administration and, as usual with students of tropical politics, he looks towards the system employed in the Netherlands India and gives, in his chapters on the solution of the labour problem by the Dutch, an interesting account of it. I should like to break a lance with Mr. Ireland over his chapter on "Trade and the Flag," but being in complete agreement with him that trade does not follow the flag, willing indeed to assert that the converse is true and the flag follows trade, I will not do so. And in conclusion I beg sincerely to recommend this book of Mr. Ireland's to all students of tropical politics and recommend them to peruse his helpful Bibliographical Appendix as a guide to their studies, merely suggesting that in subsequent editions of Mr. Ireland's book the able article by A. G. van Duyl on Dr. Snout Houronje's great work for his Government in Acheen, and also Dr. Henry Guillemard's account of the Dutch Government of Netherlands India given in the *Australasia* Vol. II. of Stanford's *Geographical Compendium*, be included in that Bibliography—and a work called "West African Sketches" by Miss Kingsley be omitted from it, for the reason that no such work exists. There is a "West African Sketches" but that is by the late Sir A. B. Ellis, and a very charming work it is. MARY H. KINGSLEY.

ENGLISH CHURCH MUSIC.

THERE was little or no music worth hearing to be heard in London last week; and, business carrying me to Cambridge last Saturday, it appeared a not altogether foolish thing to drop into the chapel of King's at five o'clock to hear whether the choir and organist there had improved or degenerated during the past six or seven years. On the following Sunday morning a like spirit of curiosity took me to the Italian Church, Hatton Garden, while a High Mass was proceeding with all the pomp and noise that a tawdry building and a number of not too well disciplined violins could produce. Since then I have made mental comparisons of the two ceremonies, and have come to conclusions which interest me, and may possibly interest others.

At King's College Chapel the singing was finished to the last degree; the organ-playing of Dr. A. H. Mann was also highly finished and at the same time had a quality of most artistic breadth; the music, if not of

noblest order, was good sound stuff, including the first chorus from Spohr's "Last Judgment" and a Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis by Mr. Prout. The organ is a fine Hill—on the whole, I believe, the finest Hill I know: certainly it is much finer than the ramping monster more recently set up with Echo organs and other indications of man's depravity in Westminster Abbey. The building is also in its way a noble one: indeed it seems to me a much greater miracle than the Crystal Palace; for it is as frail, consisting of nothing but glass and a few ribs of stone, and with the organ-screen in the middle, seems as beautiful inside as it does outside. The music had every opportunity to make its effect, or perhaps rather more than its effect. Criticising it detail by detail there was hardly a fault to be found with it. Yet the next morning at the Italian Church, which I am told by the cunning and experienced in these matters is "downright vulgar," fit only to be attended by organ-grinders and costermongers, I felt the presence of something which I had missed at King's Chapel, and indeed nowadays miss in nearly all Anglican churches. (Let no one accuse me of sympathy with Romanism: my sympathy, as a mere matter of fact, inclines in quite a different direction.) I felt the Italian Church service to be a complete living thing. It was rough—oh, how rough!—it was slapdashed; the voices were feeble as if all the boys and men were in the grip of the influenza fiend (which was probably the case); the violins tore recklessly and relentlessly through the music, making broken and smudged attacks and always leaving off in ragged disorder. Yet the whole thing hung together: it had continuity, coherence; something was meant by it all. It was, to me, and naturally I was judging it more as a musical performance than as a religious rite, more like a football scrimmage than a serious musical ceremony; but the game was played with a whole heart, and it never dragged. It was the consistency, the coherence, the vigorous spirit, that I missed in the music at King's, exquisitely though it was done.

Comparing, or rather, contrasting, the two services, the music of the Anglican place seemed alone to blame. What a mixture it was! There were responses written by a Catholic and full of the spirit of the old pre-Reformation time; there were Anglican double-chants, full of the ghastly spirit of middle-Victorianism; there was an anthem that belonged properly to the eighteenth century; there were Mr. Prout's modern-contrapuntal settings of the Canticles; and finally Dr. Mann gave us a fine broad rendering of Bach's magnificent C major fugue. From an artistic point of view there is something utterly wrong about this mélange. I am aware that a church-service is not to be regarded as in any sense a performance; and it seems to me that to make it inartistic by its programme is the way to call attention to the fact that it is a performance, and not an effective one. Were the choir-boys to march in, some in red surplices, some in green, some in white, and some in none, the first thing to strike the most regular church-goer would be the fact that choir-boys wore surplices, and that they should be better looked after and regulated. The music is at least as well worth looking after as the choir-boys' surplices. My own experience during many years of work as a church organist is that very few church-goers feel anything to be wrong about the average church-service. Music is to them an extra; it is dragged in and does not form an essential part of the ceremonial, as it does in the Roman Church; if each part is good, so much the better; if certain parts are not good, it is a pity, but there the matter ends. Of course it is not fair to compare or contrast an Evensong in a College chapel with a High Mass in a Roman church; but the impression I received last Saturday afternoon was precisely the impression that nearly every Anglican Communion Service makes upon me; and I have heard what are esteemed the best choirs in the country. The difference is always that the Roman service tends to unity of effect, while the Anglican, simply by reason of its music, tends to become a thing of shreds and patches. It seems as if no matter how hard the Roman composers strive after vulgarity, they cannot help retaining something of the ecclesiastical spirit. The reason may be that their service has

undergone so little change during so many years; and certainly the influence of the noble plain-chant cannot fail to have a powerful influence. The Mass that was sung at the Italian Church on Sunday was one of the odd sort that used to be written last century all over Catholic Germany with lively violin accompaniments to make the thing tolerable to a bored Elector or Grand-Duke. Haydn wrote them; Mozart wrote them; everybody wrote them; but who wrote this particular one I neither know nor care. They are like so many thousand Chinamen to the Western eye; when you know one, you know all; and if you spent a week with one you would still be unable to pick him out from a dozen of his countrymen. This Mass was lively enough in all conscience; it bustled and jiggled in the merriest way; if it had been sung in the English church we should, I think, have been appalled by its very cheerfulness; yet it fitted in with the Roman ceremony and was not unsatisfactory. Why cannot our Anglican writers get the same effect?

Apparently because they are overweighted with a bad tradition. Whereas the Roman music derives from Palestrina, Sweelinck, Josquin, Byrde, and all the fine polyphonic men, what we call English Church music began with Pelham Humphries, and ended a few years later with Purcell. After Purcell a clean break was made with the past. Since then no original music has been written for the Church. Nothing lower is conceivable than the bulk of "our stores of noble Church music." Nothing could be finer in its way than the picturesque music of Purcell (though I have my doubts as to whether much of it is not better adapted to the concert-room or theatre than to the church); while nothing in existence is more brainless, less lovely, less expressive than the mass of stuff of which Jackson in F is a fair sample. Of course there were men who aimed higher than Mr. Jackson. But they simply imitated Handel, and later Haydn and Mozart; and beyond that stage our Church composers have not progressed. The cathedral organist of last century, and until quite late in this century, must have been a marvellous creature. Without any skill or learning whatever (as his mighty works remain to prove) he became a doctor in music and wrote services and anthems. Often he would get so many as seven or eight movements into an anthem that took a little over five minutes to sing. So long as he stuck to common chords he was correct, if clumsy and laboured; but the moment he essayed a bit of contrapuntal writing, a little canon or a couple of inches of fugue, he came to utter grief. I do not merely say that any Academy student could now do better; I describe these old anthems as babyish and fatuous to a degree almost past belief. They are still sung both in parish churches and cathedrals: I myself for my sins had sometimes in my youth to play them; and no worse influence is possible. The influence is apparent in much of the inferior Church music written to-day and sold at a penny or three-halfpence per copy. So this is the present state of affairs: the English Church has a large quantity of the older music available; but this is flooded by oceans of very bad music written since Purcell's death, and by a quantity of German and Italian music, which, good enough in its way, is not properly speaking English Church music. Far be it from me to say what the remedy may be for this melancholy state of affairs, or to dogmatise as to what is and what is not true English Church music. But things having got to this pass, there are two or three steps that might be taken immediately, and, even if they work little benefit, at any rate cannot do much harm. Let the Church make away with a vast quantity of the undeniably, unmistakably bad music. Let us burn all the achievements of Ouseley, Clarke Whitfeld, Thomas Attwood, and the rest of the dull uninspired. Let the singing of that abomination, the double-chant, and in fact all harmonised chants, be at once abandoned; let the singing of harmonised hymn-tunes also be abandoned; let us be done with the ladies and gentlemen who whine or groan "seconds," let strength and beauty of melody alone be taken account of, and all sweet, sugary effects of harmony be left to Christy Minstrels. Finally, let us retrace our steps to the time when English Church music was at its best, to the period that began with

Humphries and ended at Purcell's death. Starting again from there it seems to me that in time the Church might develop a true style of its own. At any rate one would not so often feel that a church service was a concert with a programme ill-chosen even when it is exquisitely rendered.
J. F. R.

TWO PERFORMANCES OF SHAKESPEARE.

MR. F. R. BENSON is an Oxford man, and he is in the habit of recruiting his company from his university. Insomuch that, according to the "Daily Chronicle," "the influence of university cricket has been seen in the cricket fields of many provincial towns visited by Mr. Benson's company, as well as that of university culture on the boards of the local theatres. In the summer months cricket by day and dramatic art in the evening is a rule which he follows as far as possible." A delightful existence! The stumps are drawn, the curtain is rung up. All day long the sun shines while Mr. Benson and his merry men wring from the neighbourhood respectful admiration of university cricket. But, when the shadows of the wickets lengthen across the pitch, the call-boy appears, and the tired but victorious mimes go to doff their flannels and to don the motley. I repeat, a delightful existence! But one cannot help wondering what Mr. Vincent Crummies would have thought of it. "Trace the influence of university cricket and university culture on histrionic art at the close of the nineteenth century" is likely to be a favourite question when the Drama, at length, gets its chartered Academy, with power to set examination-papers. University culture imbues the mime with some sense of blank verse, and saves him from solecisms in pronunciation. University cricket keeps his body in good training, enables him to move on the stage with the more agility and to posture with the more grace. In the old days, before the cult of athletics, and before acting was regarded as a genteel art, the strolling mimes were mostly illiterate and mostly fat. They knew little of anything but their art, and they spent their days in drinking, and smoking, and talking about their performances. They were not gentlemen, and as men they were very poor creatures indeed, vastly inferior to their successors. But as artists? That is another matter. The better man is not necessarily the better mime, nor does even gentility carry one very far in art. Art is a mysterious thing, in which cads and weaklings may often excel, and gentlemanly athletes may often fail. The old strollers lived a life of degradation; but it does not follow that their excess in alcohol and nicotine hurt them as mimes. The new strollers play cricket and other games, and are healthy and reputable fellows; but they do not necessarily act the better for that. Indeed, I should say, (though it is a hard saying,) that the old method was better than the new. The art of acting, more even than any other art, demands that the artist live on his nerves: the more highly-strung his nerves, the better he will act. The old stroller, living a sedentary life and indulging overmuch in stimulants, was a bundle of nerves. The new stroller is a bundle of muscles. Of course, as I have suggested, muscles are a very good thing for a mime to have. The ideal mime would be a bundle of nerves and muscles. But alas! the two things do not go together, and the latter thing is infinitely the more important of the two. The old stroller would cut a sorry figure on the cricket pitch: he would muff all his catches and be bowled out first ball. But on the wooden boards, behind the footlights, he seems to us more admirable than the members of Mr. Benson's eleven—company, I mean.

Alertness, agility, grace, physical strength—all these good attributes are obvious in the mimes who were, last week, playing "Henry the Fifth" at the Lyceum. Every member of the cast seemed in tip-top condition—thoroughly "fit." Subordinates and principals all worked well together. The fielding was excellent, and so was the batting. Speech after speech was sent spinning across the boundary, and one was constantly inclined to shout "Well played, sir! Well played

indeed!" As a branch of university cricket, the whole performance was, indeed, beyond praise. But, as a form of acting, it was not impressive. Not one of the parts was played with any distinction. There was not one that stood out at the time or was remembered later. Everyone rattled along and bustled about and gave one the impression that he was a jolly, modest, high-spirited, presentable young fellow in private life; and there one's impression of him ended. The whole thing was very pleasant, but it was not Shakespearian acting. It had neither the sonorous dignity of the old school, nor the subtle intelligence of the modern metropolitan school. It was simply what the dramatic critics call "adequate," meaning "inadequate." Now, there are some Shakespearian plays of which "adequate" performances are tolerable. But "Henry the Fifth" is not one of them. It should be done brilliantly, splendidly, or not at all. Only the best kind of acting, and the best kind of production, could make it anything but tedious. Except a few purple patches of poetry, it contains nothing whatsoever of merit. It is just a dull, incoherent series of speeches, interspersed with alarums and excursions. As a spectacle, it might be made much of. Mimes might, by exercise of much imagination, make the speeches interesting and impressive. With a very keen sense of character, they might give life and individuality to the puppets. But, since Mr. Benson's system precludes spectacle, and since cricket tends to exhaust in its devotees the energy which might otherwise be spent in cultivating imagination and sense of character, those members of the public who forgot to visit the Lyceum last week lost very little and (I am tempted to say) escaped much. Before these words appear, Mr. Benson will have produced "A Midsummer Night's Dream." That will be quite another matter. It is, in itself, a play of surpassing beauty. So are "The Tempest," and "Antony and Cleopatra," and other Shakespearian plays which Mr. Benson is to produce in due course. Even if the performances of them be not better than the performance of "Henry the Fifth," they will be well worth seeing. I trust that Mr. Benson will have a successful season. His enthusiasm for Shakespeare is very laudable and attractive. No one could help wishing him well. But—but he must, really, break himself and his company of this fatal cricketing-habit.

Last Wednesday, in Carpenters' Hall, the Elizabethan Stage Society played the "First Quarto Hamlet," "as it hath been diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Citie of London." The aim of the Society is, expressly, "educational;" and, indeed, Mr. Poel does succeed in teaching us to pity the poor Elizabethans and to be thankful for the realism of the modern theatre. Now and again, however, he combines amusement with instruction. Now and again, he gives a production from which I can derive æsthetic pleasure. The "First Quarto Hamlet" gave me this kind of pleasure. I can imagine that anyone who had not seen the authorised "Hamlet" so many times as I have, so many times that he could not regard it as anything but a series of perfect recitations which he had long known by heart, would have found the production more than a little tiresome. He would have wondered why a garbled and bedraggled version of this most beautiful play should have been produced instead of the original. Reminded that he was there to be educated and not to enjoy himself, he would have protested that he wished to learn about Shakespeare, and not about the havoc which some person or persons unknown had made of Shakespeare's work. He would have inquired, sarcastically, whether Mr. Poel had on his syllabus "The Midsummer Night's Dream" as produced by the late Mr. Augustin Daly, and whether that item would also be called "educational." And I should have been bound to admit that there was some reason in his protest. But I should have pointed out that, according to the best modern authorities, the good of education lies, not in what is actually learned, so much as in the function of learning. And I should have protested that I, for my part, had enjoyed the "First Quarto Hamlet" immensely. To me it came almost as a new play. It was not, of course, a good version of "Hamlet," but still it was "Hamlet." The young

prince, "with his noble sorrows and weak rage," was again before my eyes. I could listen to him, be filled with pity for him, see all that encompassed him and all that was in his soul. And it is long since I was able to do that. It is long since Hamlet was real to me, a living and moving figure, something more than a part in which an ambitious actor was making a hit or not making a hit. And the reason why he now existed again for me is that he was differently presented. The verbal and structural differences between the First and Second Quartos were just enough to create for me a new Hamlet. And so I was grateful to Mr. Poel.

At the Criterion Theatre, there is a revival of "His Excellency the Governor." Captain Marshall has certainly advanced very far since he wrote this play. There are some pretty and amusing lines in it, but it is, as a whole, wretchedly thin and mechanical, and gives little presage of the charm I found in the "Royal Family." Miss Irene Vanbrugh plays in it, but her part is (superficially) too much like Sophie Fullgarney for me to be able to say whether or not her art has been hurt by the terribly long run of "The Gay Lord Quex."

The English translation of Ibsen's latest play seems to be withheld. In the meantime, that cruel and delightful early play of his, "The League of Youth," is to be played by the Stage Society. MAX.

TRANSLATED FROM HEINE.

Der bleiche, herbstliche Halbmond.

THE moon's autumnal crescent
Peers pale in cloudy trance.
Alone and nigh the churchyard
Lies bare the silent manse.

The Mother reads in her Bible,
The Son stares into the light.
Sprawls in her sleep the elder girl.
The younger speaks outright.

"Ah God! How blank, how dismal
Day after day befalls.
There is nothing to see worth seeing
Save only our funerals.

The mother mumbles from reading.—
"No, no. There died but four,
Since Father there was buried
By yonder churchyard-door."

Then yawns the eldest daughter,
"No more I'll hunger here.
To-morrow I'll fly to His Excellency.
He is rich and loves me dear."

The Son bursts out in laughter
"At the Star tope huntsmen three;
Whatever they touch they turn to gold.
They'll teach their trick to me."

The Mother hurls him her Bible:
It strikes his haggard face.—
"And wilt thou then be a highwayman,
To God and us disgrace!"

A tapping on the pane they hear.
A beckoning hand they mark.
The buried Father stands outside,
His preacher's gown is dark.

W. SICHEL.

INSURANCE.

TWO ANNUAL REPORTS.

THE annual report of the National Provident Institution is perhaps not quite so good as usual, but this is in no way the fault of the management, which conducts the affairs of the office with conspicuous success, and the most scrupulous regard for the best interests of the policy-holders. The only feature that is in any way worse is the total of the claims which this year amount to £394,104, of which £47,000 consist of endowments and endowment assurances. This latter item is £8,000 less than in 1898, and the death claims £44,000 more. In spite of this increase the amount paid in death claims was only about 80 per cent. of the amount expected, so that although the item was heavier than usual the mortality experience last year was good and points to especially favourable experience on previous occasions. It is generally thought that the mortality rate was heavier than customary last year, and it is probable that many other offices will not have fared so well in this respect as the National Provident.

The new business is a little less than usual, but is sufficient to more than make up for the policies that have gone off the books, and to produce a small increase in the total premium income. The expenses show up particularly well, amounting as they do to only 10.9 per cent. of the premiums. This is the first time, at least for many years, that the office has shown a lower expense ratio than 11 per cent., although economical management has always been a strong feature of the institution. The provision made for expenses at the last valuation was 21 per cent. of the premiums, so there is a clear margin of 10 per cent. as a contribution to surplus. The rate of interest earned upon the funds was £3 16s. 5d. per cent., showing a balance of 16s. 5d. above the 3 per cent. assumed in the valuation. With margins like this from loading interest, and mortality, even in a year when the mortality was less favourable than usual, it is not surprising to find as the valuations come round that the National Provident gives its policy-holders good bonuses, and retains for itself, in spite of all competition, the good opinion which with perfect justice has long been held in regard to it by everyone acquainted with British life offices and their ways.

The Provident Clerks Mutual Life Assurance Association suffers from an unfortunate name. People who are not and who do not want to be Provident Clerks think the office is not for them whereas with a more pleasing title they might examine its merits and find them to be considerable. Two years ago the Association both strengthened its reserves and declared the same bonus as before. The bonus was a good one and the feat was one that few offices have been able to accomplish in recent years. The secret of the success is to be found in the fact that the investments have for a long time been managed with exceptional skill and now that the office values on a 3 per cent. basis its prospects of maintaining its bonuses are distinctly promising.

The report for the year 1899 shows by the increase in new business that its improved position is appreciated. The new assurances amounted to £290,922, an advance of £8,600 compared with 1898. The office grows slowly however for the total premium income of £149,104 is less than £3,000 more than in the previous year. The expenditure comes to 14.95 per cent. of the premiums and is an improvement on the ratios of previous years. The difference between the expenditure provided for and the expenditure incurred is only 3.3 per cent. of the premiums, a margin it would be well to increase if possible by reducing the expenses. The claims were £116,279 an advance of £4,000 compared with 1898: this item has steadily increased for several years past and in view of this fact it would have been well if some comparison were given between the mortality experienced and expected. The rate of interest yielded by the funds was £3 18s. 9d. per cent. showing a substantial margin above the 3 per cent. assumed in valuing the liabilities. The report as a whole shows the office to be strong and flourishing and

could it persuade people that its operations are not necessarily confined to that estimable but uninteresting portion of the community suggested by its name we believe its business would extend more rapidly to the advantage of everybody concerned.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LAMBETH OPINION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford.

SIR,—1. The Duke of Newcastle manufactures the difficulty which he pleads as an excuse for disobedience to the legitimate directions of Bishops. There is no difficulty whatever either in conscience or in practice in accepting an episcopal order on the subject of incense, unless you admit the right of the individual clergyman to raise the authority of his own personal notion of "Catholic" usage against the lawful ruling of his Bishop. Admit that right and be the Bishops all that even the Duke's conception of the Episcopate requires, and there can never be order in the Church.

2. "The principle of obedience" is not the same with respect to Episcopal interpretations of Prayer-book Rubrics which the Bishops are specifically empowered to give, and episcopal orders to preach heresy, which, apart from all other considerations, are legally *ultra vires*. The very reason of obedience in the one case precludes obedience in the other.

3. What has the Bishop of Worcester's conduct to Mr. Beeby to do with my duty towards my own Bishop? Assuming it to be as bad as the Duke suggests, does he seriously maintain that because one Bishop fails in his duty, the obligation of obedience to Bishops is universally cancelled? This is topsy-turvy reasoning indeed.

4. On the assumption of the Duke's own argument, I need bring no other evidence of oecumenicity for anything than my own opinion. I think that the Communion of Infants has just as good right to be regarded as a Catholic custom as the liturgical use of Incense, and a vast deal more right to be considered of spiritual importance. Does the Duke consider that I should be within my rights if, acting on my opinion, I first introduce the practice into my parish, and then, when rebuked by my Bishop, plead its oecumenicity as an excuse for disobedience? And if his Grace will not concede this liberty to me, why in the name of reason does he claim it for others in the case of incense? Are they more infallible than I? Is the sacred duty of disobedience rigidly conditioned in practice by conformity to his Grace's preferences?

5. Allowing that the aggrieved persons were very undesirable, foolish, noisy, blatant, how does their character affect the authority of the decisions they evoked? The Archbishop has as little concern as any other judge with the manners, motives, and reputation of the suitors who plead at his bar. "Kensit and his rabble" were the occasion, not the cause of the Lambeth "Opinion." The cause was that anarchic individualism which the Duke of Newcastle advocates and stimulates.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"PRESBYTER ANGLICANUS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Codford S. Peter Rectory, Wilts.

SIR,—Without at all agreeing with the recent attacks on the E.C.U. and its noble-minded President—though I confess that the "stand by your priests" advice savours somewhat of Congregationalism—I regret that the Duke of Newcastle has thrown the weight of his character and devotion to the Church of England into the scale of disobedience. Let it be granted that the recent court of "hearing" was a makeshift tribunal. Yet whatever authority it has is purely spiritual, and we who have so long protested before an unsympathetic and sceptical public that, given any conscientious loophole for obedience even though it were a Lord Westbury or a Lord Penzance who had been invested with ecclesiastical authority, we would at whatever cost

to our feelings submit, might have been expected to catch at this golden opportunity. We in the country are apt, no doubt, to underrate the sacrifice required of those who have so long enjoyed these beautiful adjuncts of worship without interference. Probably the Archbishops have ruled out processional lights and incense much more rigidly than was contemplated at the Reformation or in 1661. It seems plain, also, that our rulers would have done nothing but for popular agitation, and that the Kensit riots were to their action what the Clerkenwell explosion was to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. But if you are not to obey till you are quite satisfied of the wisdom and motives of a command, if submission is never to be painful, the word obedience has no meaning. If in this age of revolt and private judgment High Churchmen are not to set an example of obeying authority, who will do so? Obedience is the highest of all high and "sacerdotal" doctrines, and one that needs revival far more than any point of ritual. Ritual can wait, but the fifth commandment cannot.

Of course, if portable lights and incense are as ecumenical as, say, the religious observance of the first day of the week, this becomes one of those extreme cases when prohibition must be disregarded. But can this really be sustained? Only a handful of clergy have taken up this position, just enough, with the evasive conformity of others, to spoil the effect of the general submission on the public mind. The world would have been deeply impressed by uncomplaining obedience followed by an address to the Episcopate from the whole High Church party pointing out the unsatisfactoriness of the position in which the decision of the Primates leaves the Church. Such an address would naturally have called also upon our rulers to assert the laws of the Church against grave and perilous innovations like evening communion and against the disaffected practices of low and broad churchmen. It would further have drawn attention to the scandalous indulgence shown by certain prelates towards heresy and schism. There is much that requires reaffirming and guarding against—a revolutionising, e.g. of our synodical system by committing to laymen questions of faith and worship—which will need a united High Church party. But I fear the opportunity has been lost. The public still thinks "ritualists" an anarchical tribe whose opinions can be safely neglected.—Your obedient servant,

DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Arlingham Vicarage, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire.
19 February, 1900.

SIR,—I read with much interest the letter by "Presbyter Anglicanus" in reply to the Duke of Newcastle. It certainly was a most able letter: admirably put and I think unanswerable. It might be well respectfully to remind his Grace, who in his rejoinder this week objects that Unitarian doctrine might equally with the ceremonial discontinuance of incense become enjoined by the Bishop, that in the direction as to the order to be taken it is added "so that the same order be not contrary to anything contained in this book." Surely our Prayer Book does not teach Unitarianism.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

HENRY BEVIS, Vicar of Arlingham.

AMERICA AND THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Newark, Ohio, U.S.A., 22 January, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—The Associated Press published on 7 January this statement, purporting to come from the SATURDAY REVIEW,—“We fear no accurate presentment of the real feeling of the United States regarding the war is reaching this country, but there is no doubt the balance is against us.” Because this statement is beyond question correct, I venture to address your paper in the premises. The American Press generally has not expressed the feelings of the American people, and especially is this true of the New York Press. That the sentiment of this country is overwhelmingly

against Great Britain in this African war is beyond any question. The agricultural element to commence on is practically unanimous in its opinion, and that means upwards of 40 per cent. of the entire population. Then the entire foreign element is still more markedly adverse. By the foreign element I mean all the Continental people of Europe, as represented here in the foreign-born and their children. Then the large Irish fraction of America is of course violently against you. Finally I am sure I am within bounds in asserting that the large majority of the city population is of the same mind. The assertion of Senator Hale in his late speech in the U.S. Senate is within bounds, and he claims that his opinions are shared by nine out of every ten Americans.

And yet Americans are generally most friendly to England and Scotland, and to your people individually; and I may venture to say that it is the almost universal wish amongst us that the British Empire be maintained for many years to come. We do not desire this simply because of community in language or for any selfish reasons, but because it is in the interests of the advancement of Christian civilisation. The modern name of "Anglo-Saxon" is not only a very broad tautology, but it is historically absurd when applied even to England with her mingled strains of Gaelic, Scandinavian, Low German, High German, and French blood. How much the more then as applied to Americans, children of Europe generally, as well as of Britain in particular; for we have the mingled blood of all the Continental peoples. Every generation makes us the more cosmopolitan in blood and sentiment. This is clearly inevitable, with the vast stream of emigration constantly pouring in and gradually assimilating with the American born.

If you ask why the facts are as they are as regards American opinion in this unfortunate South African war, the answer is readily given. In the first place England is in South Africa only by right of conquest. England took Cape Colony by force, not from an ancient enemy, but from a little nation connected with her by every tie of blood, and religious sentiment, and by old alliances as well. And this in the hour of Holland's need, when she was temporarily effaced from the map of Europe. Professing to be the champion of liberty as against the conquering French, England took her ancient friends' property and children in the name of Liberty and kept them for herself by the law of might. The story of English domination in this Dutch Colony is one long tissue of domineering force and blundering generosity. It lacks even the consistency of the conqueror. England's treatment of the Boers is utterly without moral defence, and in defiance of her own honour pledged in solemn treaties, and public recognition of their independence. After pledges given before the world of non-interference in the internal affairs of the Transvaal, your jingo statesmen deliberately interfere, and when the Transvaal practically concedes every demand, the ground of difference is calmly shifted to one of Imperialism. In other words they said to the Transvaal "We are the masters and that ends the discussion." It is the old story of Æsop's fable of the Wolf and the Lamb. The discussion was an open farce. The Jameson Raid was simply land piracy; and if an equal number of Boers had organised by a similar conspiracy in time of peace such a naval raid on England's commerce, England would have hanged them all at the yard-arm.

When the Transvaal with a noble trust in English honour turned over all her prisoners to your Government for punishment for practical murder, the end of it was a parody on justice which cast into shadow the miscarriage of justice in the Dreyfus affair, for which you had so generously lectured France.

It is your own Mr. Lecky who says: "The trail of finance runs through the whole story." From beginning to end it was a capitalistic conspiracy, and the so-called Outlander grievances were but the excuse. Outside of England few question the truth that the war simply results from the fact that the Witwatersrand mines are the richest in the world, and the independence of the Transvaal a rock in the way of the vast ambition of England to rule Eastern Africa from the Cape to Cairo. The moral base of your policy is—The end

justifies the means. You believe sincerely that British rule is the best in the world; and therefore a blessing to the Boers even when presented at the point of the sword.

Then the gallant devotion of these tiny republics and their splendid courage in fighting for their independence against such enormous odds is the most heroic fact in modern history. And over here I need not say that while we all admire the bravery of the men of Britain and Africa as well, yet we admire most of all the unexampled courage of these Republicans in defence of their Fatherland. As to the ultimatum that was simply a matter of military necessity.

With the vast wealth and population of the British Empire to draw on, you will of course prevail in the end over this handful of farmers, unless intervention comes, which is unlikely, and to be deprecated for the fearful evils of a general war. That the Boers are a Christian and a civilised people is shown equally by their conduct of the war and their humanity to the wounded and prisoners. To question the first is to judge yourselves so far as they are at any rate your equals as warriors; and to question the last is an absurdity in view of the contrast between Elandslaagte and Nikolson's Nek. But when you have overwhelmed in blood and ruin this gallant little people—what then? You have bitterly offended the moral sense of Christendom, and made an impossible situation in South Africa, and a blood feud. What for? To add a few square miles of rocky barren and a gold mine; a few sullen subjects, and a new Ireland, to an Empire already too gigantic for Britain to safeguard or justly rule. Your Indian responsibilities alone are enough for your powers.

This brings me in orderly sequence to the last indictment against you of thinking Americans. We would see the British Empire maintained for many and good reasons. Your present course is suicidal. Already you have made it clear to the world that your army is unequal to the vast task imposed, should it be seriously tested, as it may readily be and soon. We feel outraged, speaking reasonably, at the frightful risks to the world's peace and the splendid usefulness for all high ends of your great Empire, that must issue from this unworthy aim before you of conquering the poor little Transvaal; an aim well characterised by your own Non-conformist clergy lately as "A scandal to Christendom and civilisation." It is because of our thorough respect and veneration for all that is best and noblest in British character and story, that I venture to state this so strenuously. It needs and deserves statement and restatement. Hence I hope you will courteously publish this American protest, or rather answer to your own remark. We would be bound to Old England in the sincerest bonds of amity and mutual helpfulness, and we recognise the special ties of community in language, literature, religion and civic ideals. We are proud of all these and would have them grow ever stronger, and our friendship ever more fraternal. But so also do we as sincerely desire to cultivate peace and friendship with all European nations. We recognise our debt to France of old in particular, and to all the Continental peoples in general, markedly to Germany. Therefore we will make no foreign alliances whatever. After-dinner speeches in New York and London may come and go, and editors with or without convictions may gush as they please about so-called "Anglo-Saxonism," but every serious mind in America from Maine to California knows perfectly well that any political party that proposed an intimate alliance, whether for defence or offence, would go down into instant ruin.—I have, Sir, the honour to be very respectfully yours,

F. B. NASH,
Rector of Trinity Church.

SPANISH SETTLEMENT AND BRITISH GUIANA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 February, 1900.

SIR,—At the risk of appearing ungracious in criticising your very kindly notice of my lecture at the Colonial Institute on the Venezuelan Arbitration, I ask you to

find space for two comments. The first is in the nature of a personal explanation. It is that while I think I may justly claim that my own researches did, as you say, something to establish the British position, I was not the fortunate person to unearth the very interesting old documents of which such effective use was made in the case. My second comment is of a more historical character. You say that I showed that "the Spanish claims in the north of South America were based on discovery and not on settlement." I must have failed to make myself clear. It is undoubted that the Spaniards did effectually settle in many places to the north of the Orinoco. But south of the Orinoco and between that river and the Amazon, that is to say in the so-called "island of Guiana," Spanish discovery—which was itself of a most perfunctory character—was absolutely unsupported by any settlement except the wretched military occupation of a few miles at Santo Thome, on the actual bank of the Orinoco, and the closely adjoining Capuchin settlement of the Yuruari Savannah. It may be added that in the boundary award full value was assigned to both these elements of so-called Spanish settlement, and that this was done without detracting from the much larger sphere which was occupied by purely Dutch influence.

E. F. IM THURN.

RUDYARD KIPLINGISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Without venturing to pose as a critic of Rudyard Kipling as an author and a poet, I cannot refrain from expressing my gratification at seeing the protests in your journal against his portraiture of the British soldier. I have personally ever been of the strongest opinion that he grossly misrepresents our private soldiers. Unquestionably he has at times made marvellously life-like sketches of peculiar types—well known to all regimental officers—such as Private Mulvaney. Or again, his Marine sentry, in the "Fleet in Being" is an admirable impersonation of the humour, if not of the speech, of the private of Marines. But this does not prevent the fact that the Private Soldier of to-day is a being infinitely superior in thought, word and deed to that which Mr. Kipling would wish us to believe he is.

Having enjoyed the friendship of many a gallant soldier in the ranks, I can assure you, sir, that a large class are much incensed at the Kiplingesque caricature both of them and their habits and speech. More especially are they disgusted with the prominence given to the little weaknesses of the least educated of their comrades and that these should be exploited as the manners and customs of the whole of the army.

Surely, if Mr. Kipling's object is to prove that our soldiers are "no better nor worse" than the civil population whence they are recruited, it is at least unfortunate that he should, on every possible occasion, present the private soldier to us in such an uncouth garb as he does. I say, without fear of contradiction, that the *true* type of British private soldier of to-day no more resembles the illiterate and semi-inarticulate creature as idealised by Mr. Kipling than does the British officer and his wife resemble the outrageous cads and dubious females whom he presents to us as types of English officers and their wives in India.

Further, it is an insult to the admirable body of non-commissioned officers whom I have had the privilege of knowing intimately for over a quarter of a century and who, in my humble opinion, represent the very flower of the British army, to pretend that they have sprung from the semi-savages depicted so often by Mr. Kipling.

It is to Rudyard Kipling that we chiefly owe the adoption of the offensive and inane slang expression of "Tommy" as applied to our private soldiers—a title which before he popularised it, was confined to certain regiments, but which has now, most unfortunately, been adopted by a vulgar press and a slang-loving public.

SOLDIER.

P.S.—I am aware of the derivation of "Thomas Atkins."

REVIEWS.

THE WARDEN OF THE KHYBER.

"Eighteen Years in the Khyber, 1879-1898." By Colonel Sir R. Warburton. London: Murray. 1900. 16s.

SIR ROBERT WARBURTON represents a class of Indian administrators now almost extinct. He was one of the last survivors of the school associated with the venerated names of Nicholson, the Lawrences and all that group of worthies who laid deep and strong the foundations of our rule over the warlike races whom each successive wave of conquest brought within our influence—men who ruled by force of character, sympathy, courage and all the personal qualities which in settled times and places are replaced by code and section and the rules of a dozen departments. We can see in these pages how Warburton chafed against the restraints from which his predecessors had been free. Such men do not often write their own lives. They live in the history of their times and the memory of the people for whom they laboured. As Warburton tells us in this volume of one who "was in fame perhaps the greatest Englishman who ever served on that frontier—his name and character are at this moment as fresh on the Peshawur border and the Khyber range as if he had passed away but yesterday. Yet Frederick Mackeson died over forty-five years ago and his history has not been written." The glimpses of Warburton's own life which we get show that his reminiscences had he lived to write them would have been full of interest. This solitary work which he has left is a record of his official life—a narrative, and all too brief a one, of his Wardenship of the Khyber. With singular and regrettable modesty he avoids those personal incidents and experiences of his life among the tribesmen, which would be most welcome to his readers. We are told of the various Viceroy and Generals and Padgetts M.P. who picnicked in the Pass; we would gladly exchange them for a few more of the episodes which show how the half-civilised mountaineers are won and lost to our cause. How far a little personal act can go with such people is well illustrated by the effect on the Khyber chiefs of the chivalrous courtesy with which Prince Albert Victor publicly saluted Ayub Khan the victor of Maiwand, then a refugee and almost a prisoner in British hands.

The son of an English artillery officer and an Afghan mother, born as he tells us in a Gilzai fort between Jagdallak and Gandamak when his father was a prisoner of the Afghans and his mother a fugitive from her own people, familiar from his boyhood with the native languages, related by blood to the rulers of Kabul and officially nurtured in the atmosphere of the Peshawur frontier, Warburton possessed rare qualifications for the rôle he was destined to play. To a unique extent he won the confidence and the affection of the tribesmen, obtained an ascendancy in their councils and traversed alone in fearless security a territory which a few years before no European could enter. It was described by Lord Lytton in 1877 as an absolute terra incognita in which there was no security for British life a mile or two beyond our border. He moved among these warring and bloodthirsty tribes as a friend as well as a ruler. Wherever he went his camp was neutral territory. Men who could not enter their own houses except by covered ways to protect them from the bullets of their neighbours, to whom even the mosque gave no safety from assassination, met in peace under the shadow of his tent. "It was understood by the tribesmen that wherever my camp was in their hills the greatest enemies might resort to it in perfect safety. Hence for six or seven weeks my camp was full of men having deadly blood feuds with one another, armed to the teeth, yet no outrage was ever committed. I found that the people were better pleased when they felt assured that I trusted them entirely with my safety. I therefore always went about with only a stick in my hand." Nothing but unerring instinct and tact could have carried him through the eighteen years of peril and anxiety spent in such surroundings. He knew how to respect their prejudices and turn their weaknesses and strength to his own ends. "During the eighteen years I was connected with these people I hardly

spoke to a woman on more than three or four occasions." But he could speak plainly enough to the men. While abstaining from interference in their private quarrels he sternly suppressed any outrage on British subjects or those under their protection. His principle was to enforce tribal responsibility. A stray rifle-shot fired by any light-hearted "sniper" into a British camp meant a heavy fine which the tribe had to make good. They could then take their own measures with the offender. The character of the people with whom Warburton had to deal is graphically disclosed in the stories he tells us of the blood feuds, the brutal murders, the cowardly assassinations, the heroic daring, the base treacheries, the bloody vengeance, the devoted fidelity, the fanaticism and the intrigues that filled their lives. The bewildered reader who gropes his way through Khyber politics from one assassination to another must put down the book with admiration for the man who made that crimson highway as safe for the traveller as a London street.

Not the least surprising thing is that Warburton's work was carried out under discouragement and obstruction from the exalted quarters whence the most cordial support might have been expected. Not only was he denied the pay and promotion which fell to those whose lines lay in the pleasant places, not only were honours tardily and grudgingly conferred but he had reason more than once to complain that his advice—right as events proved—was disregarded and his measures thwarted. In spite of repeated protests he was left without a European assistant to share his labours and carry on his torch. The insolent chief who opposed him and who threatened to shoot the Lieutenant-Governor if he entered the Pass was retained in his position—later on to go into open rebellion and be again pardoned and restored—while the menaced Head of the Panjab discreetly turned back from Jamrud. This is not the place to discuss the treatment which Sir R. Warburton and his policy received from his official superiors, but the reader will find incidentally in this work some things that impeach the wisdom of the Panjab Government.

It must always be a matter of regret that Warburton, from his full stores of information, has said so little on some points of surpassing interest. His sketch of the Amir is a bare outline which adds little to our knowledge of that remarkable person. Here as in another case his sense of official reticence has stayed his pen. His chapter on what he well calls "the Khyber Débâcle" only faintly shadows the shame and indignation with which, like others in India, he viewed the gross mismanagement that lowered our prestige and involved us in the costly and mischievous Tirah campaign. The one man who could have kept the Afridis quiet, as he did in 1891, was chafing in idleness "ready for any service" while the Khyber was abandoned, the European commandant ordered to withdraw and the gallant and loyal Khyber Rifles left alone to perish in an unequal struggle against their own kinsmen. To Warburton who gave his existence to its pacification the Khyber was holy ground and its tribesmen his own children. The ruin of his life's work broke his heart. His book is a pathetic record of great services ending in melancholy and disappointed gloom. But no one who would know the North-West Frontier question can omit to read it.

CRITICAL INCOMPETENCE.

"An Introduction to the Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism." By Charles Milles Gayley and Fred. Newton Scott. Boston: Ginn. 5s. 6d.

WE have lately had occasion more than once to direct attention to a class of books which is rapidly becoming an intolerable pest in modern literature. They are, generally speaking, the product of the teaching staffs in the smaller American and Colonial universities and colleges. They appear to be designed not in the interests of literature or of education, to which they contribute nothing, but simply to establish the title of their compilers to scholarship and erudition. If they attained this end by honest means, even though they loaded our libraries with useless and

superfluous volumes we should not complain, cheerfully recognising the right of every man to do what he can to bring himself into prominence. But the exasperating thing about these books is that they are simple frauds. Under the appearance of an erudition which may be fairly described as appalling, they disguise critical incompetence, sheer imbecility, ignorance utter and complete of the subject which they profess to illustrate, having no grasp either of principles or of details. The work before us is an illustration both of the method of these compilers and of their characteristics. It professes to be an introduction to the methods and materials of literary criticism: it is really an indiscriminating catalogue of all the books, articles, essays &c. in English, German, and French bearing on literary criticism which the writers, with the aid of indexes, have been able to rake together. They amount to many thousands probably—for we have not counted them—and as the compilers profess to be acquainted with all of them, or at least convey the impression that they are acquainted with all of them, simple people may well be astounded with a range of reading compared to which that of Warburton, Gibbon and Buckle was narrow and limited. But a very slight inspection will suffice to show how impudent are the pretensions of the compilers to such erudition, that all is secondhand, merely transcription from catalogues, and merely transcription of the criticism of others. The inability of the compilers to estimate the relative value of the works on which they profess to comment, or the relative value of the critical authorities to which they refer, the flimsy and shallow obiter dicta which represent their judgments on the books which they profess to pass in review, their ludicrous incompetence to distinguish between what is palpably nonsense and what indicates real insight in the criticisms which they quote or adopt—all proclaim the worthlessness of such a book as this. It is abundantly plain from the opening chapter that the compilers do not even know what criticism really is. After floundering about definitions of this kind;—"Criticism is a process that goes on over all the field of human knowledge being simply comparison or clash of opinion!" "The critic is one who takes a hostile attitude," and the like trash, the unhappy reader is embarked on such speculations as these "Is it (criticism) a process or a principle or is it both. Is it subjective or objective? May it deal with things of nature or is it concerned only with things of art? Is it abstract or concrete? Is it analytic, or synthetic or organic? Is it a positive force or a negative force?" The acumen, it may be added, which is not discernible in the literary criticism of the compilers appears to be very discernible in the deferential references to those numerous minor critics who are still happily among us, not as yet numbered with Aristotle, Longinus and Sainte-Beuve, and who will no doubt be able, as the compilers justly surmise, to return the compliment. "We are sorry to have to speak so harshly of a book the preparation of which must have involved a certain amount of trouble, but books like these are becoming quite a feature in the current book market. Their proper place is among the theses submitted for diplomas in Trans-Atlantic minor universities, not on the public bookstalls of England. And in the interests of literature, as well as in the interests of education, English publishers would do well to scrutinise very carefully their claims to real and substantial merit, before giving them currency in this country. It is bad enough for writers to inflict on the public books which have no end in view and cannot possibly serve any purpose except to display the pseudo-erudition of their compilers; it is intolerable when such books prove on inspection to be nothing more than the reproduction of ill-digested and imperfectly understood second-hand information.

TRAVELS IN ASIA.

"Innermost Asia: Travel and Sport in the Pamirs." By Ralph P. Cobbold. London: Heinemann. 1900. 21s.
 "Siberia and Central Asia." By John W. Bookwalter. London: Pearson. 1900. 21s.

THERE is always mystery in the movements going on behind the Hindu Kush, though we know that Russia makes steady progress, and is hanging like an

avalanche over our North-Western Frontiers. Mr. Cobbold expresses the hope that he has written a standard work of reference—he has certainly brought all available information up to date—and we are inclined to think he has succeeded. At best a traveller can give us but vague impressions of the wild jumble of storm-beaten plateaux and stone-swept ravines which stretch between the desert and our mountain barriers. But the book is furnished with excellent maps and illustrated by admirable photographs, for Mr. Cobbold, like most modern explorers, took a camera as part of his camp equipage. It ought to be generally read for it is brightly written, nor need we say that it abounds in adventurous incident. Mr. Cobbold makes light of dangers and difficulties, as he only alludes casually to sufferings from intense cold. As to the cold, it may suffice to say that one night a cup of boiling tea was frozen hard in five minutes within a yard of a blazing fire. As to the dangers of the road, he had a sharp foretaste of them, when overtaken by a blizzard in crossing the infamous Bargil Pass on his way to Gilgit. More than once, his laden ponies had to be lowered by ropes down sheer precipices, and he thought himself fortunate when only one of them slipped, to land with a crash in the stream at the bottom. The pieces were never picked up and the load was swept down the water. That mishap may have prepared him for coming to a point where practicable tracks absolutely ended, and he got rid of most of his property by bestowing it in gifts upon the grateful nomads. They must have been puzzled to make much use of his kodak. Once the path of twisted birch, slung by birchen ropes to the face of a smooth cliff, gave way under his feet, and he was only saved from a fate similar to that of his pony by the heroic efforts of three of his attendants who risked their lives to save their master's; and this leads us to remark that no traveller of our acquaintance seems better fitted to get forward in semi-barbarous countries. He is cosmopolitan in the best and widest sense. Nothing can be more significant than his speaking incidentally of a Chinese mandarin, who had officially endeavoured to detain him but owned himself baffled with a good grace, as "this good fellow." Did ever travelling Englishman before speak of an obstructive Celestial in such kindly terms? When a prisoner on parole at a Russian fort, one of his two body servants undertook to carry a note to the British Resident at Gilgit though, as Mr. Cobbold remarks, it would have fared ill with him, had he fallen into the hands of the Cossacks. And at Cashgar when he lost the cheque book of his Indian bankers, and seemed likely to be stranded for lack of money, a merchant cashed a cheque on London, though the drawer had to make the calculations in currency and the drawee had never heard of Coutts or Glyn's. Nothing indeed can be more gratifying than his assurance that Central Asiatics of all races and creeds still believe an Englishman's word to be his bond. Another noteworthy fact is that the Afghan trader in Cashgar or Yarkand regards the Englishman from beyond the mountains almost as a brother. Mr. Cobbold goes further, indeed, and asserts that all the political sympathies of Kirghiz and Tajiks are with Britain. In the event of trouble they could not do much, for they are but a few handfuls scattered sparsely about the Pamirs; but they could drive their beasts into the mountains and so cripple the transport. Their grievances against the Russians arise not so much from excessive taxation as from oppression. The scale of pay almost compels the Russian official to deal with his dependants as if he were a Turkish Pasha. The man who administers a province twice the size of Belgium draws but £360, including allowances: and the Governor of Turkestan—as big as France—supports his state on £1,500.

Mr. Cobbold saw a good deal of Russian soldiers and officials and personally he liked them much. But he again illustrates the eternal and depressing truth, that it is almost impossible to come to a satisfactory understanding with St. Petersburg. State pledges have been proved worthless, and the glacier-like forces of expansion are uncontrollable. Or to change the metaphor, Russia is the world-octopus slowly extending her tentacles in all directions and never relaxing her grasp. No doubt, the impetus comes from

the Foreign Office, but each individual agent, in dreary exile, sees his only chance of advancement or removal in unrest. The Russian Pamirs are worthless in themselves: they are run cheaply, though at an annual loss; but they are a step towards more fertile regions and a thorn in the rival's side. Mr. Cobbold repeats what we have heard from Robertson and Durand, that we occupied Chitral just in time, barely anticipating the Russians, to their intense disappointment. As for Afghanistan, they are using their Feudatory of Bokhara as a catspaw, to appropriate Badakshan and other territory, and we may expect developments in the course of a year or two. But differing from Mr. Bookwalter—whose book we notice below—he says that the Afghans are resolute to resist, and have been strengthening their garrisons on the Bokhara frontier. In his opinion, the destiny of Afghanistan is to be absorbed, and to be divided between the rival Empires. Though if the reigning Ameer is succeeded by a son of his own mould, the inevitable crisis will be deferred. To sum up his political survey, what chiefly struck him in his travels in innermost Asia was “the barbarous insistence of the Russian Government system, the brilliant success which invariably attends Russian aims, and the puerile weakness of the British Government in the protecting of the country's interests.” He illustrates that last point by referring, with every other English visitor to Cashgar, to the humiliating position of our envoy there. The Russian Consul-General is all-powerful: the unfortunate impotence of Mr. Macartney provokes ridicule and contempt. Perhaps one of the most absurd examples of British red tape is the action of our authorities at Gilgit under orders from headquarters. These gentlemen make it as hard to get out of the Pamirs as the Russians and Chinese to get into them. Will it be credited that an unoffending English traveller, coming down through the passes by which the Hunzas used to go raiding, must wait indefinitely at Hunza till he has permission from Calcutta to come home?

There is a mass of picturesque and interesting matter which we must pass over in silence. There is a valuable chapter on Central Asian trade and an interesting forecast of the future of the Russian Empire which is decidedly pessimistic. We have said nothing of the remarks on physical geography and ethnology: of the manners and habits of the wandering tribes, and have only glanced at the exciting incidents of daily travel. In that Paradise of wild mountain sport, Mr. Cobbold had little time to linger, though he stalked some of the great stags of the Thian Shan and added some fine ibex heads to his sporting trophies. But it came as a surprise to him—and certainly it is information to us—that tigers frequent the reedy shores of Lake Balkash. There he had one of his narrowest escapes, and he modestly relates one of the most thrilling of tiger stories. Crawling through the cover he was confronted by a pair of blazing green eyes. They belonged to a tigress which came with a rush and struck down a coolie almost at his elbow. He turned for a snapshot, rolling her over stone dead, and strange to say, the coolie came off scatheless.

Mr. Bookwalter writes in different style. His is the flying trip of a shrewd American journalist by rail, river and road. He seldom diverges from what are now well-beaten highways of travel, but he keeps his eyes open as he hurries along. His letters were originally addressed to West American journals, and, rightly assuming ignorance on the part of his readers, he tells us much we knew before. But as we remarked, progress is so rapid in these parts that there is always fresh matter for observation. Mr. Bookwalter, an earnest economist, is fond of figures and revels in elaborate statistics. He has a profound belief in the future of Siberia and gives sound reasons for his faith. The railways which are to reach from the Baltic to the Sea of Okhotsk and from Odessa to Port Arthur, are to bring the Orientals of Europe into immediate relations with 500,000,000 customers in the Far Orient. Local traffic and local prosperity are to be developed to any extent in the rich alluvial expanses that lie between. The growth of cities is not so remarkable as in America beyond the Missouri, but still it is surprising enough. For example, the town of

Ob on the Obi sprang into being only three years ago, and has now 14,000 inhabitants. What irrigation might do to restore fertility in the Khanates and Turcomania is shown by the reminder that old Merv, now given over like Babylon to the satyr and the screech owl, is said once to have contained a population of 200,000,000. As to Siberia when brought under cultivation, he holds that it will compete successfully with Western America and will be quite as accessible to markets. The wheat is equal to that on the Illinois flats: and there are no finer cattle in the stockyards of Chicago than those that are reared by the wandering Khirgiz. At present the railways are congested and the granaries are choked. But new lines are being planned in all directions, and the great rivers, with their affluents, offer every convenience for water-carriage. The Grand Canal projected from the Baltic to the Black Sea is only one of innumerable schemes in the air. With regard to Russian expansion, like Mr. Cobbold he dwells on the fact that she makes her way by subtlety rather than by force; and on the whole after reading his book, we are confirmed in the impression that all immediate prospects are in favour of peace. She has committed herself to enormous public works, which cannot pay in any shape till they approach completion: and when completed, they will add to her strength for aggression as much as to the wealth which is the sinews of war. He agrees with Mr. Cobbold that her great characteristic is “Foresight,” and that no Power has such admirably organised Intelligence Departments or has brought the art of espionage to such perfection.

VOLUMES OF VERSE.

“Satan Absolved: a Victorian Mystery.” By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. London: Lane. 1899. 3s. 6d.

“Boadicea.” By Emilia Aylmer Gowing. London: Kegan Paul. 1899. 3s. 6d.

“The Eclogues of Vergil Translated.” By Robert Whitelaw. Rugby: Over. 1899.

THE strenuous quality of Mr. Blunt's effusion is heralded by the dedication to Mr. Herbert Spencer, “the greatest of living thinkers.” According to his own preface Mr. Blunt in this poem feels it his painful duty to offend everybody. Everybody fortunately does not feel it his duty to read Mr. Blunt. Apart from this oversight his desperate rush on martyrdom is well planned, his play suggesting the combined auspices of the Boers and the Vegetarian Association. The motive as he very needlessly informs us is the “hypocrisy and all-acquiring greed of modern England,” which has “already made the angels weep.” An angel borrowed from Mr. Watts weeps appropriately in the frontispiece. Apparently Mr. Blunt would atone by vigour for the limitations of his mind. He has mildly amused us and we do not wish to be harsh, but the setting he has given to his opinions strikes us as irreverent to say the least. The kind of dialogue he attributes to Satan and the Deity will appear offensive to many and seems a quite unnecessary way of expressing what Mr. Blunt would call his “purpose.” Fads even though announced in bad Alexandrines need not exclude respect for the accepted decencies.

Mrs. Gowing to judge from notices appended to her book excels in “poems for recitation.” Some of these are given along with “Boadicea.” We have never discovered why one particular kind of puerile rhyme should claim prescriptive right of enthralling audiences. Possibly the mystery is of a piece with that other mystery the taste for melodrama. The chief point it would appear for the reciter who knows his business is to adopt the character of fireman, constable or engine-driver and address his audience as “sirs” —

“Have you heard the fame of our comrade, sirs,
Young Martin Ernest Sprague?
Do you mind the tale of that gallant life,
With more than a memory vague?”

This at a penny reading should go down with great success. On the first blush we suspected young Martin Ernest of owing his patronymic to the memory vague,

but second thoughts convince us that this was his real name. Else why not call him simply Brown and make the last line refer to his renown? "Boadicea" is not suitable for recitation for the obvious reason that it is "a play in four acts." There is a Roman centurion who exclaims

"Villain, 'tis false! the maiden's love is mine."

We pay no small compliment to Mr. Whitelaw's version of the "Eclogues" in saying that he did right to publish it. In translation of Vergil the best never means more than the least inadequate. Mr. Whitelaw's attempt is less inadequate than some by a long way, and we are glad he has not kept it back out of scholarly despair. What we most admire in his translation is the restraint observed in passages where effort to make the English fully idiomatic would be fatal. More often than in most translations the classic idiom is taken over bodily, a proceeding that appears to us not only admissible but strictly proper. Certainly the effects are happy. Shrinking from a literal version may go much too far. It is surprising what fine lines will often grow from the lightest touch upon the bare literal. A translator of the "Eclogues" has special opportunities to show himself aware of this. The Latin is full of baffling simplicities and to turn these with like simplicity into dignified English is no slight feat. Usually Mr. Whitelaw does more than retain the Latinism, he really incorporates it in the English. The resulting form as in the familiar phrases of the "Lycidas" is English and classic at once. A blank-verse rendering aiming at closeness is sure to be unequal and it is not pretended that Mr. Whitelaw does not sink into prose quite often. This however is fate and calls for sympathy not blame. What can truly be said of him is that many of his lines have dignity and some passages might win high praise by their form as English simply. These lines are in no way the best, but suggest the cultivated tenour of his style:—

"The cattle court the coolness and the shade:
The quick green lizards in the bramble hide:
For mowers sweltered with the fierce noon-heat
Garlic and wild thyme in a savoury mess
By *Thestyli* are bruised: I only trace
Your footprints, and the sun strikes, and the trees
Are loud with hoarse cicalas, single voice
That blends with mine."

THE LAST NAVAL WAR.

"The Downfall of Spain: Naval History of the Spanish-American War." By H. W. Wilson. London: Sampson Low. 1900. 14s. 6d.

"With Sampson through the War." By W. A. M. Goode. With Contributions by Rear-Admiral Sampson, Captain R. D. Evans and Commander C. Todd. London: Thacker. 1899. 10s. 6d.

"Lessons of the War with Spain and Other Articles." By Alfred T. Mahan, Captain United States Navy. London: Sampson Low. 1899. 10s. 6d. net.

FROM these three books may be derived a clear account of the war between Spain and the United States; each contributing to our knowledge of the various operations at sea which led to the defeat of Spain, and teaching valuable lessons in the conduct of modern naval warfare.

Owing to the state of affairs in Cuba the relations between the two countries had been strained for some time previous to the beginning of 1898 so that when in February of that year the "Maine" was destroyed in the harbour of Havana and a court of inquiry of American naval officers reported that it was due to a submarine mine, war became inevitable. Two months later hostilities commenced. The delivery of Cuba from Spanish rule being the primary objective of American strategy, the time for bringing about a war was not well chosen because after June comes the season for hurricanes in the West Indies and great heat for operations on shore. That the war would only last three months could not have been foreseen by the successful side; this result was only attributable to an entire absence of any sensible plan of resistance on the part of the vanquished. The

key to the subjugation of Cuba by a foreign power is the possession of Havana, and we found in 1762 that to overcome this place was no easy task. It would equally have taxed the resources of the United States in 1898. The acquisition of Santiago on the other side of the island would not have materially assisted the capture of Havana, but the loss of her fleet disposed Spain to make peace and resign what she might have held for a considerable period. Of course the island was bound to fall eventually, if its sea communications with the Mother-country were cut off, and the despatch of a fleet could be of no value except with the object of maintaining them by defeating the force preventing free entry to its ports. A small squadron of fast cruisers if effectively handled might have harassed the enemy, but could not materially assist the island. This required a force strong enough to contend for the command of the sea with the United States, which Spain did not possess. In such circumstances the despatch of Cervera to the West Indies was a useless sacrifice which only precipitated the inevitable collapse of Spain at sea.

That unfortunate Admiral foresaw the result though his countrymen appear to have considered their fleet fully capable of contending successfully with that of the enemy. Such blindness is inexplicable, but even an authority like Captain Mahan could not estimate aright the weakness of the Spanish Navy. He says "The Force of the Spanish Navy—on paper as the expression goes—was so nearly equal to our own that it was well within the limits of possibility that an unlucky incident—the loss for example of a battleship—might make the Spaniard decisively superior in nominal, even in actual, available force. An excellent authority told the writer that he considered the loss of the 'Maine' had changed the balance—that is that whereas with the 'Maine' our fleet had been slightly superior, so after her destruction the advantage still nominal was rather the other way." It is difficult to understand how such a conclusion could be reached. To gauge the relative strength of fleets it is usual first to compare the number, size, and date of the battleships contained in each. Spain had practically but one of this class, the "Pelayo," of about 10,000 tons. America possessed five, all—except one—larger and of more recent design. A superiority in armoured cruisers did not equalise the scales; for in their case offensive power is sacrificed to obtain increased speed which should enable them to flee from the battleship but does not make them comparable with the other class as fighting units. We cannot therefore agree that there was anything approaching equality between the two forces. In the handling of them also—though this could not be estimated beforehand—the stronger side only gave evidence of skill. Though the enthusiasm which greeted Admiral Dewey's victory at Manila was out of all proportion to the achievement—an enthusiasm which went so far as to compare him to Nelson—his bold entry into the Bay of Manila and passage at night past the islands which should have controlled a submarine mine field were exploits exhibiting greater qualities than the subsequent engagement with a feeble Spanish squadron and ill-armed batteries.

Given all credit to Admiral Dewey the more difficult operations entrusted to Admiral Sampson were carried out by him with a skill equally conspicuous, and from them we learn the principal lessons that this war produced. The whole story of Sampson's blockade of Cuba and his action with Cervera are admirably told in Mr. Goode's volume. Allowing for his partiality towards the American Admiral on whose ship he remained throughout the war, we are struck with the boldness and originality with which Sampson carried out the blockade of Santiago. Many have said steam and torpedo boats have rendered this operation impossible especially at night. It was after dark that Sampson drew his ships closer to the entrance actually illuminating the harbour with his searchlights, though he knew Cervera had torpedo craft which might be expected to make determined attacks. Why they remained inactive has not been explained. It is difficult to steer a ship or boat in the face of an intense beam of light. This kept the Spanish ships from coming out under cover of darkness.

It would not we believe have deterred a lieutenant of the British Navy in command of a torpedo-boat from making a dash in similar circumstances. In his tenacious grip on Santiago harbour, the admirable disposition of his squadron to that end, and his foresight in providing for every eventuality Sampson displayed the highest qualities of a naval commander. The battle that ensued was an easy task in comparison with all that preceded it. The order that sent Cervera to his doom was fatuous in the highest degree. To have gone to Santiago at all was an act of folly; but being there men and guns, if landed and retained for defence on the land side, could have performed the same useful part they did in the defence of Sebastopol. Outside they could only be destroyed, and an escape would not have mended matters. Among the incidents which characterised the running fight along the south coast of Cuba three stand out pre-eminently—the value of well-trained gunners; the necessity of defence against moderate-sized quick-fire guns; and the danger of inflammable material in the construction of war ships. Had the Spanish seamen been frequently exercised at target practice at sea, they could not perhaps have saved the day but they must have inflicted considerable damage upon their assailants. They had vessels thickly plated at the water-line but their resistance was overcome by the free entry of projectiles of all sizes at other places where no protection had been given. These not only disabled men and guns but set the vessels on fire owing to the large amount of wood employed in their internal fittings. It was a repetition of what occurred in the war between China and Japan at the battle of Yalu when several ships suffered in the same way. Have we profited by that lesson? Evidently the Spaniards had not, for Admiral Sampson says—"Another fact which contributed in no small degree to the defeat of the Spaniards is to be found in the mode of construction of their ships: the use of wood where it was totally unnecessary made them liable to destruction by fire." Perhaps however the most important lessons taught us by this war are the necessity and feasibility of close blockade, as well as the numerical superiority necessary to ensure it. The movements of an enemy's fleet cannot be frustrated by a distant watch upon it. Once located the guard must be as tenacious as Sampson's upon Santiago. He found this could only be maintained by a considerable superiority in numbers, and weakening other points. We have margin enough to carry out the same with any one Power but a combination would require more force than we have available at present.

"PARSON KELLY" AND OTHER NOVELS.

- "Parson Kelly." By A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang. London: Longmans. 1900. 6s.
 "The Queen of the World." By Luke Netterville. London: Lawrence and Bullen. 1900. 6s.
 "Féol: a Romance." By Max Pemberton. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1900. 6s.
 "Sand and Cactus." By Wolcott Le Clear Beard. London: Unwin. 1900. 6s.
 "A Passing Fancy." By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. London: Long. 1899. 6s.

MR. A. E. W. MASON'S "Miranda of the Balcony" was as lively as "Parson Kelly" is wearisome. "Miranda" leaves an impression of freedom; "Parson Kelly" of fetters. The adventures in "Miranda" were vivid and moved swiftly; the improbability of the action disturbed not at all the naturalness of the actors and was always part of the entertainment. The adventures of "Parson Kelly" are lifeless and all to pieces; their improbability is only tiresome, and they drag with so inexcusable a slowness that the reader finds himself halting rebelliously to ask—and with this question a book of action is doomed—why, for example, he should be told, through twenty pages, every motion that was made in an endeavour to reach a parcel of letters in a desk and destroy them, seeing that in the end they are successfully destroyed. The cause of this difference is plain in every chapter of "Parson Kelly." Mr. Mason has fallen in with

history, and been overpowered. One would suppose that he and Mr. Lang must gain a double advantage by turning back to the records of the past. For there they will find persons ready grouped, with the facts of their friendships and enmities fixed, their births, marriages and deaths, their strange failures in politics, their half-successes in literature, with here a staring piece of meanness and there a most opposite stroke of generosity. The novelist has his problem given him, the data are at hand, and his imagination is free to solve the problem in endowing his figures with life. He surely also has an advantage who takes his theme from a past which he can overlook, which he may judge truly, undisturbed by the superficial actualities which make his own day hard to understand. The first advantage need not be discussed since the authors have refused to take it. The story is not concerned with the known actions of persons who have made history. The existence of a Pretender, the wearing of sword and wig, the absence of the steam-engine, have deluded them into describing much that is not interesting, have permitted them to leave out much that is. The second advantage is therefore a delusion. But if Mr. Mason's past is somewhat tiresome, Mr. Luke Netterville's future is very nearly an impertinence—he must indeed have considerable confidence in the quality of his imagination who leaves God's world behind him when he comes forward to interest us with a story. Mr. Netterville has conceived a Mongolian world-tyranny, attacked by the scattered remnants of the English race; but he has little else with which to carry out the conception over three hundred pages except an intense admiration for the beautiful machinery of the flying ship.

Much must be forgiven to so winsome a heroine as Féol, but we are tempted to blame her for taking Mr. Max Pemberton out of his proper sphere. He has taught us to look to him for the superhuman adventures of men of heroic build; here his daring imagination is restrained while he tells of the difficulties and dangers that beset a young girl's fidelity to a princely suitor. Not that he is wholly unsuccessful in this unaccustomed vein; Féol, her lover, and her English friend are all charming in their way, and the story is bright in spite of its tenuity. Still it is a disappointment to find mere delicacy where we have expected strength, to be offered a nineteenth-century idyll instead of a heart-thrilling romance.

Mr. Wolcott Le Clear Beard works very capably in those lights and shades of frontier life which are an invention of Bret Harte—the nobility amid degradation, the reckless chivalry and self-sacrifice that throw a glamour over what must often be sordid and hopeless enough, the wild justice that is saved from being vengeance chiefly by the element of sport which accompanies it, the sharp pathos of the helpless. Frontier life in America is not exhausted by Bret Harte; we can feel that if Mr. Conrad, for instance, were to stay in Mr. Beard's engineering camps he would see something different from his own. Nor does Mr. Beard's likeness to Bret Harte consist merely in a resemblance between their stories, for a number of novelists may write the same story and all have different things to say. Indeed it was not so much a type of story that Bret Harte invented as a world, a set of emotions, a certain aspect of humanity, and it is this aspect which Mr. Beard repeats; his humanity is the same. He adds little to it even when his ideas strike the reader with their novelty—as in his story of the lady who kept mediæval state in her castle on the Arizona desert.

Mrs. Lovett Cameron always gives us the impression that she goes to conventional fiction for a view of life, in case a glimpse of the real thing should hinder her for evermore from writing conventional fiction. You can open her work at random anywhere. Take this "Mrs. Doyme wanted to drown care. Men do this by plunging into the coarser forms of dissipation." To be sure they do, in every such novel, all the world over. Whether Mrs. Lovett Cameron has ever stood by while the "plunging" was going on is another matter. "As a rule, each Hatton when he came to man's estate had married, as his father had done before him, into some family as old and as honourable as his own, selecting his wife with care and circumspection, for it was almost a religion with the Hattons that their wives

should excel, &c. &c." Who has not met the Hattons in a novel? and has anyone ever met them elsewhere? If there were a villain in the book, he would have eyes set too close together, and the family dog would dislike him. And if a breath of the real world of men and women were let in anywhere, the whole flimsy pack of characters would fall flat with the draught. However, when all is said, there are plenty of people who adore the stereotyped, so long as it is readable: and Mrs. Lovett Cameron is usually that.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Psychology and Life." By Hugo Münsterberg, Professor of Psychology in Harvard University. London: Constable. 1899. 6s.

Professor Münsterberg has collected, under this title, a series of essays, more or less continuous, which aim at defining the sphere and the limits of physiological psychology, and showing that its results do not conflict with ethical idealism. Neither physical objects nor psychical objects represent reality: both are ideal constructions of the subject. The Professor goes a step further. Logical thinking, he says, constructs psychology for its own ends, and psychology itself cannot be the basis for logical thinking. "Every act of thought, every affirmation and denial, every Yes or No which constitutes a scientific judgment, is an act of will which acknowledges the over-individual obligation to decide so and not otherwise—acknowledges an 'ought' and works thus for duty." Again, "whoever has well known that the act means something else than the fact that some object of passive perception was in consciousness; in short, he knows a reality which means more than existence . . . The least creature of all mortals, acknowledged as a willing subject, has more dignity and value than even an almighty God, if he is thought of merely as a gigantic psychological mechanism; that is, as an object the reality of which has the form of existence." These quotations will sufficiently explain Professor Münsterberg's outlook on philosophy. The individuality lies less in the thought than in the manner of expression, which, though far from attractive, is lucid when once the reader has got over the difficulties always presented by a work composed in a language not native to the writer. As a corrective to facile thinking we know nothing better than a course of Anglo-German dialectic—tough as tug-mutton but sound and satisfying. The body of the book discusses the relations between psychology, on the one hand, and on the other physiology, education, art, and history, respectively. The most popular chapter—if it is not profane to use such a word in this connexion—is the one entitled "Psychology and Mysticism," but we do not consider that it is the most valuable. At the same time it has the charm conveyed by the narrative of personal experiences. Unbending for a brief space, the Professor explains that he is himself unable to explain the alleged phenomena of the vulgar spiritualism—"one sweeping word is sufficient." "The facts as they are claimed do not exist, and never will exist, and no debate makes the situation better." The Professor admits that he is not equal to the work of exposure—he is only a psychologist, not a detective. Nor is he impressed by the names of great scientific men like Crookes and Richet, who have fallen victims to such delusions. Their daily work in laboratories was a training which unfitted them to deal with fraud; it bred an instinctive trust in the honesty of their colleagues. This is true to a certain degree, yet if we remember right it was to the detective skill of Professor Ray Lankester and Professor Donkin that a very successful Sludge owed his public discomfiture. Professor Münsterberg, however, acts wisely in not wasting his time on an elaborate examination of those uncanny stories which at one time, he admits, filled him with a sort of mysterious excitement. Now they only affect him, he finds, with "a deep æsthetic and ethical disgust"—a curiously professional anathema—and a feeling that he is surrounded by an "endless desert of absolute stupidity."

"Historical Tales from Shakespeare." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. London: Arnold. 1899. 6s.

Mr. Quiller-Couch chooses to complete the prosification of Shakespeare which Charles and Mary Lamb began. They dealt with the comedies and tragedies and made charming, unpretentious, un-Shakespearian stories of them. "Q" deals with the histories. It is hard for those who know the bard reasonably well to approach the novelist's effort dispassionately. Lamb's Tales we judged from a different standpoint. They were in existence long before the grown-ups of to-day began to read, and were mastered when they were a revelation and something of an intellectual effort. We cannot forget an early love even in days case-hardened by criticism. How we should approach them were they placed in our hands for the first time to-day we cannot pretend to say. Frankly we find it hard to appreciate Mr. Quiller-Couch's effort. And yet possibly it may appeal not

less strongly to the young than Lamb's Tales did and do. But to the mind attuned to such lines as these:—

GLENDOWER: I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOTSPUR: Why, so can I, or so can any man;

But will they come when you do call for them?

it is not a pleasant variant to read:

"I can call spirits out of the deep" still went on the sonorous Glendower.

"Why so can I: so can any man. The question is if they'll come when you call them."

Henry V.'s great speech before Agincourt pales its effectual fires in Mr. Quiller-Couch's rendering. Take half a dozen lines:—

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me

Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile

This day shall gentle his condition:

And gentlemen in England now a-bed

Shall think themselves accursed they were not here.

This passage becomes in Mr. Quiller-Couch's hands:—

"We, we happy few, we band of brothers! For the man who sheds his blood with me shall be my brother: by that raised a gentleman, however low his estate. And gentlemen now a-bed in England shall curse themselves that they were not here."

Even the sense is not adhered to. That Mr. Quiller-Couch approaches Shakespeare in the proper spirit is clear from the terms in which he dedicates his book to Mr. Swinburne, but for his own sake we think he had better have left to other hands the casting of the historical plays into narrative form. The book affords the critic a unique opportunity of estimating not Shakespeare but Mr. Quiller-Couch. But then, as we say, the critic in this case is hardly a fair critic.

"Our Greatest Living Soldiers." By Charles Lowe. London: Chatto and Windus. 1900. 3s. 6d.

"Lord Roberts of Kandahar." By Walter Jerrold. London: Partridge. 1900. 2s. 6d.

"Field-Marshal Lord Roberts." By Horace G. Groser. London: Melrose. 1900. 1s.

Mr. Jerrold has followed up his brief biography of Sir Redvers Buller with a sketch of the career of Lord Roberts. His industry in disposing of the "lives" of commanders-in-chief has at least that quality of dash and daring which is demanded at the front itself. Both Mr. Jerrold and Mr. Groser are fortunate that the ground they cover has been authoritatively surveyed by Lord Roberts himself. They naturally find ample materials in "Forty Years in India," and all that they are called upon to do is to emphasise certain feats of valour which Lord Roberts himself dismisses with native modesty. There is little to choose between the two volumes. The cheaper has fewer portraits and no pictures of battle-scenes, but it is more tastefully "got up" so far as binding is concerned. Mr. Charles Lowe's sketches of our greatest living generals are made up of resketched newspaper articles. They deal with, among others, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir George White and Major-General Hector Macdonald and are very much to the point. The sketches of Sir George White and Major-General Macdonald are perhaps of more interest because their subjects have been somewhat less written about than the rest.

"Abbé Mouret's Transgression." By Emile Zola. Edited with an introduction by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. London: Chatto and Windus. 1900. 3s. 6d.

The most remarkable feature of this ninth volume of the Rougon-Macquart series is the wonderful sketch of the garden in which the Abbé Mouret wanders with Albine. His struggle between the law of divinity and the law of nature is, of course, the capital theme of the book; but the descriptions of the almost fairy-like forest that surround it, as well as the striking and realistic sketches of rural life, are certainly the most masterly points in an undeniably powerful work. Albine, the guileless maiden who loves the Abbé and who is loved by him, is one of M. Zola's tenderest creations; La Teuse, the irascible house-keeper, is as natural a character as the brutal Brother Archangias; while the book itself is, as Mr. Vizetelly observes in his introduction, "a direct indictment of the celibacy of priesthood."

"The Poetical Works of John Milton." Edited by the Rev. H. C. Beeching. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1900. 7s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. India paper, 8s.

Everything that we found to say in praise of the Clarendon Press edition of Molière may be said of this issue of Milton. First there is a handsome crown octavo volume with portrait and facsimile; then there is an ordinary paper edition at less than half the price; and finally the India paper edition which can only be described as a marvel. Small as the volume is, the type is perfectly clear and as easy to read as that in the larger volumes. The edition is exquisite.

"The Justice's Note-Book: containing a short account of the Jurisdiction and Duties of Justices and an Epitome of Criminal Law." By the late W. Knox Wigram, J.P.; seventh edition by Henry Warburton and Leonard W. Kershaw. London: Stevens and Sons; Sweet and Maxwell. 1900. 10s. 6d.

Seven editions in less than twenty years is a wonderfully good record for a book of the kind. The author's idea of popular rather than strictly professional treatment has been wisely not departed from by the present editors and accounts for the great popularity Wigram's "Justice's Note-Book" at once achieved with the worthy class of untrained and unpaid gentlemen for whose use and enlightenment it was designed.

It is interesting to note in these bad times that "The Library of Famous Literature" issued by the "Standard" under the editorship of Dr. Garnett has secured a sale of 8,800 sets—that is of 176,000 volumes—in four months.

CHRISTIAN HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

"Early Christianity Outside the Roman Empire." By F. Crawford Burkitt. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1899. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Burkitt puts together in two lectures the scattered and scanty information which exists as to the Christianity of the Euphrates Valley, the Church whose language was Syriac and its metropolis Edessa. Though there was no true succession from the Church of Palestine, for the Christians of Edessa received Christianity about the middle of the second century from the Greek-speaking Church of the Empire, yet "their native idiom was akin to that of Palestine," and political circumstances preserved them from the theological controversies of the parent Church. Thus the Homilies of Aphraates composed in the very crisis of the Arian conflict (A.D. 337-345) are absolutely silent about it. They represent a præ-Arian state of belief. A very curious feature of the Edessan Church was the treatment of Baptism not as "the common seal of every Christian's faith" but as "a privilege reserved for monks." Mr. Burkitt holds that "the Acts of Judas Thomas" were not mere fiction but "as truly a book of religious philosophy as the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" They are of Syriac origin and belong to the first half of the third century. The conclusions, to which Mr. Burkitt arrives, are practical. He commends to the study of English Churchmen a phase of Christianity which was free from bondage to the Greeks, and he points out that asceticism in these primitive Christians is strangely paralleled in India to-day. It must be reckoned with, not ignored or repressed.

"A History of New Testament Times in Palestine, 175 B.C.—70 A.D." By Shailer Mathews. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899. 3s. 6d.

This is a very useful little handbook on a period which though a knowledge of it is vitally necessary to an intelligent understanding of the New Testament, can as a rule only be studied in the bigger histories. And indeed the years between the Maccabean revolt and the destruction of Jerusalem are so crowded with incidents that we have often wondered how it would be possible to write a short history of them. But Mr. Mathews has done his work well; he has furnished the student with sufficient information for ordinary requirements, and with copious references in his footnotes to the larger works; these references seem to be well up to date. He has succeeded too in making his narrative clear, and bringing the more important events and characters into their proper relief; this no doubt can be better done in a short history than in a long one. But he has done something more than this; he has made it extremely interesting. We must admit that we feel something, indeed very much, lacking in the tone of the thirteenth chapter, in which the author describes the Messianic hope, and the appearance and person of the Saviour; and we trust it may be nothing more than a determination to write a history and not a theological treatise which makes him describe Our Lord only from His human side.

"A Day in My Clerical Life." By R. E. Veagh. London: Unwin. 1899. 3s. 6d. net

This book throws into a humorous narrative a series of criticisms on current clerical methods. It is not free from serious faults whether judged on its lighter or on its graver side. The curate, Mr. Boseby, is quite impossible, and the vicar's female relations are not familiar types. However there are a good many wise things said in a way which may commend them to the reluctant understandings of "my junior brethren" to whom the book is dedicated.

"Divine Dual Government: a Key to Many Mysteries." By W. W. Smyth. London: Horace Marshall. 1899.

The author claims to be a scientific thinker: he quotes Herbert Spencer with approval and makes play with that blessed word "evolution," but his work is a loose collection of irrelevancies. He fiercely advocates Protection and denounces the "Higher" criticism. We wonder where books of this kind find their public.

"Robert Raikes: the Man and his Work." Edited by J. Henry Harris. Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1899. 7s. 6d.

The founder of Sunday schools was the most unconventional of saints. A shrewd man of business, uniformly prosperous, and making no pretence of not enjoying his prosperity, Robert Raikes never impressed his contemporaries as a very pious man. He "was a very 'buckish' sort of person when he was young, and there was always a great deal of style about him." He was a notorious Sabbath-breaker in the eyes of his Dissenting neighbours, though it does not appear that he offended the average conscience of his time by preparing his newspaper on Sunday. He was regular in his attendance at daily service in the Cathedral, and in this pious habit he was joined by "Jimmy Wood" the banker, popularly known for a miser. It is suggested that his devout ostentation was not unaffected by the circumstance that "in a cathedral city there is always a great deal of patronage for a printer." All this increases the interest and enhances the mystery of one of the most fruitful philanthropic careers on record. He was led to start Sunday schools by his knowledge of the frightful state of the criminal, semi-criminal, and unfortunate classes who filled the Gloucester gaol, and provided frequent "hangings" for the excitement of the townsfolk. For years he had organised relief for the imprisoned debtors before he started his great work. It is difficult to realise the savagery of the English poor only a hundred years ago. The first Sunday scholars were sent to school with 14-lb. weights tied to their legs, or logs of wood bound to their ankles to prevent escape. Raikes was a thorough believer in the rod. The Society for Preventing Cruelty to Children had not then entered on its benevolent career. Much however must be allowed to a volunteer attempting to bring under discipline such incorrigible young ruffians as "Winkin' Jim" who "brought a young badger with him and turned it loose" in school. Raikes' fame spread to foreign lands. Catherine of Russia invited him to visit her Court. The French Revolution, however, interrupted this approval: the panic of the propertied classes affected their view of Raikes' efforts. The Bishop of Rochester inveighed mysteriously against "schools of Jacobinical rebellion and Jacobinical politics—that is to say, schools of atheism and disloyalty." This suspicion did not seriously retard the

(Continued on page 246.)

For This Week's Books see page 248.

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progress of the movement. Raikes was the very antithesis of a Jacobin. Mr. Harris has produced a very interesting volume, which ought to find many readers among that large public which is interested in Sunday schools.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Gens de la Noce. By Georges Ohnet. Paris: Ollendorff. 1900. 3f. 50.

Some dozen people play prominent parts in this remarkable novel: and all are cynical, selfish, and vicious. We have never been introduced to so abandoned a throng; never heard such conversations, never assisted at so many scenes, quarrels, and other unpleasant incidents. Until now M. Ohnet has never given us more than one betrayal, and then his heroine has always been pure—to-day, however, all his characters cheat, libel, and abuse one another. They, of course, belong to the haute bourgeoisie, "comme autrefois;" and as early as the fifth chapter, we meet an array of men who criticise their mistresses and a clique of ladies who discuss their lovers. Jacqueline Laiglise carries on an intrigue with Thomiès, a hard and selfish man of the world; Laiglise, himself, supports Madame de Rétif—yet all four dine and go to the theatre together. Madame Ravau, Madame Tonnelet, and three or four other ladies, also have their intrigue; their husbands are no better. Then, there is Prévinquières, a millionaire, who wishes to take Madame de Rétif away from Laiglise, and his daughter, Rose, who would marry Thomiès. Madame de Rétif and Thomiès do not object, for Prévinquières has millions and will give his daughter a gigantic dot: and so plots are concocted, so quarrels take place, so scenes follow one another. "Gens de la Noce," all these persons certainly are living only for pleasure and sacrificing all that honourable people hold most dear in the pursuit of it. And, if there are such characters in the haute bourgeoisie of Paris, M. Ohnet has done well in exposing their vices and their meannesses by showing them, to the outside world, as in themselves they really are. He spares neither his women nor his men, and although the theme is unpleasant, has never written a more powerful and better constructed book.

Sous la Tyrannie. By Augustin Filon. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1900. 3f. 50.

Alban Vernier, a staunch young Republican, is a member of a brilliant clique of politicians and men of letters who refuse to recognise Napoleon as Emperor after the Coup d'état of '51. He is poor, however, and must give lessons—and he is a dreamer. Fascinated by Renneval, a brilliant democratic deputy, he becomes his secretary and is at once initiated into the secrets of political life. When his position betters, he marries Marguerite Louvet, the somewhat frivolous daughter of a hypocritical old poet. Alban and Marguerite take a house in the country; and here M. Filon's absorbing story really begins. Renneval is in reality a humbug, and works only to succeed. He schemes, and he lies—he makes love to Alban's wife. She, after a struggle, falls, and soon becomes irritated by the principles and purity of her husband. After a while Vernier begins to doubt the sincerity of his patron; and when at last he discovers that he has robbed him of his wife, goes mad and accuses Renneval of his hypocrisy and crime at a public meeting. Led from the hall, he is put into a lunatic asylum, where he dies. Renneval makes a brilliant speech over his grave, praising the virtues of his dear friend who, "through overwork," went mad. Everyone is touched by his tender words. Subtle "points" abound in this absorbing book, which is written in M. Filon's most graceful style. All his characters are wonderfully well drawn; all his scenes are capitally constructed, and we do not hesitate to declare that "Sous la Tyrannie" is the most remarkable French novel that has appeared since the New Year.

La Fin du Théâtre Romantique et François Ponsard. By C. Latreille. Paris: Hachette. 1900. 3f. 50.

In this work Doctor Latreille, as he has indicated by his title, precedes his analysis of Ponsard by a discussion of the school against which Ponsard was the reaction. In France romanticism, at first vague and tentative, won the decisive victory of "Hernani" (1830), maintained a brilliant but erratic supremacy for a few years, to sink finally into the absurdity and extravagance of "Tragaldabas" (1848). It is the study of this sequence that renders the first part of this work so interesting. In England we look in vain for a parallel: the romanticism of Scott, Byron, and the Lake school, had been maturing for half a century, nor did it seek the theatre as a means of propagandism. "Manfred" from its nature is a "closet-drama," and "Remorse" was never a great success. There are only two periods in our literature where the stage had the predominating influence; the Elizabethan, when from natural causes it was the most facile means of expression, and the Restoration, when the nation acknowledged the literary supremacy of France. Ponsard, the titular head of the "Ecole du Bon Sens," achieved veritable victories by "Lucrèce" (1843), "L'Honneur et l'Argent" (1853), and the "Lion Amoureux" (1866). As a criticism of his work we need only point out that the adjective most used to describe him is "honnête." The plays, tragic or

comic, are written in fine verse, are extremely moral, and contain most elevating sentiments, but—and this is the most crucial point with a dramatist—his characters are not alive. Most felicitously Dr. Latreille compares him with the painter Ingres; beautiful certainly, yet lacking the touch of genius that makes Mona Lisa smile through the centuries. Ponsard was a compromise, a fact which perhaps makes us grudge the time which is used in the long analysis of his plots.

Mémoires du Général d'Andigné. With a Preface by Edouard Biré. Paris: Plon. 1900. 7f. 50.

In spite of the many memoirs published recently with a view to giving new and intimate glimpses of the Revolution, students will peruse these interesting papers with pleasure. They are highly exciting at times, and always entertaining—they are well written, also. Portraits of Napoleon as First Consul and then as Emperor abound; distinguished personages are criticised, and to the whole M. Biré has added a capital preface and appendix.

Mesdames! En Scène. By Xaurof. Paris: Flammarion. 1900. 3f. 50.

The startling picture on the cover of this witty little volume of theatrical dialogues and sketches may shock the very susceptible, but there is nothing offensive within. Xaurof understands his world thoroughly, and treats it with invariable good humour. Directors, stage-managers, players, and playwrights are made to behave and speak in their own peculiar manner, while the one or two scenes that depict the agonies of collaborators are admirably constructed. Xaurof may be congratulated on having written a most entertaining and amusing little book.

Premières Visites à l'Exposition de 1900. By Max de Nansouty. Paris: Flammarion. 1900. 3f. 50.

This interesting little volume will appeal to all those who have not enjoyed the privilege and pleasure of observing the growth of the palaces and temples that are to adorn the banks of the Seine during the Exhibition. It is capitally illustrated. The book shows the architecture of the fête in a state of scaffolding and, as it begins to rise proudly and take shape, forestalls the architects themselves by pointing out how their triumphs will look when the scaffolding and débris have been cleared away.

Le Sport en France et à l'Etranger. Vol. II. Par le Baron de Vaux. Paris: Rothschild. 1900.

In this volume the Baron de Vaux completes his chronicle of the leading sportsmen and women of the world. Here we have the record of the best known members of the hunting field in England and France, and some votaries of the track, gymnastics, golf, &c. As in the first part of the book, the portraits and the tail-pieces are admirably executed and reflect great credit on the publisher as well as the artist. There is an excellent picture of Lady Warwick, but is it not excess of modesty to describe Easton Lodge as a "rustique chalet"?

Revue des Deux Mondes. 15 Février.

This number contains some interesting articles. "The Co-operative Movement in Europe" by M. Grandmaison and a third instalment of M. Barine's monograph on "La Grande Mademoiselle." But we think the best worth reading at the present time is the fortnightly chronicle by M. Francis Charnes. This contains not only a masterly sketch of the decay of parliamentary government in France as evinced by recent events but also by far the most impartial account of the present state of feeling in England and of the parliamentary situation. Without sympathising but without abuse the writer correctly gauges the wave of Imperial sentiment sweeping over this country.

Revue de Paris. 15 Février. 2f. 50.

Commissioned by the Minister of Fine Arts to report on the construction of English theatres, M. Georges Bourdon has spared himself no pains successfully to accomplish his task. He has explored every London stage, loitered in lobbies, observed even bars—and he has arrived at the conclusion that, while Paris may boast greater playwrights, it cannot lay claim to the comfort, general politeness, and amazing scenic effects that are to be encountered in the playhouses of Piccadilly, the Haymarket, and Strand. He marvels over Drury Lane, and is lost in admiration at the luxury of Her Majesty's, he praises humbler houses, also. And as M. Bourdon held a high position at the Odéon for many years, his appreciation is of no small value.

Revue des Revues. 15 Février. 1f. 30.

After much persuasion Madame Renée d'Ulmer has gained Madame Bashkirtseff's consent to print certain hitherto unpublished passages from her daughter's journal. They are not of high interest, and so we wonder why they were not included in the vast volume that recorded the thoughts and ambitions of Julian's famous pupil of years ago, and which, if we remember right, was done into English by the late Miss Mathilde Blind. Much has been written about Marie Bashkirtseff, but not much alas! to her credit. She lived only for her art; otherwise she was an appalling egoist, and these last pages are another proof of that lamentable fact.

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